

JUL 19 1943

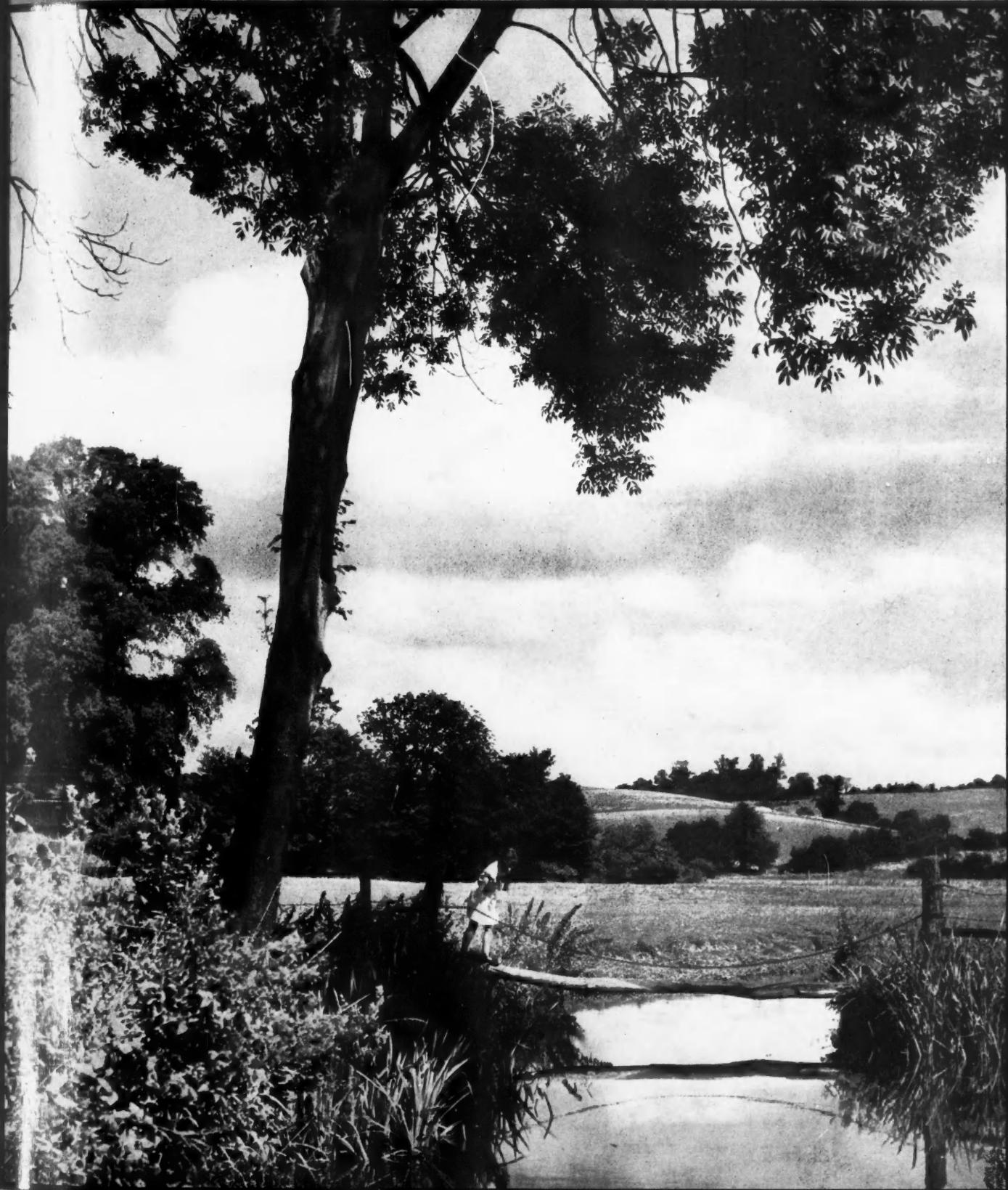
THE GUNPOWDER PLOT IN NEEDLEWORK COUNTRY LIFE

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Douglas Went

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SPECIALISTS IN DRESSAGE AND JUMPING. We teach the True Balanced Seat. A revelation in smooth, co-ordinated riding. We handle and train young riding horses and school jumpers.—R. E. PRITCHARD, ex-M.F.H., Fellow and Instructor of the Institute of the Horse.

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Golf, fishing, riding close to hand.

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RESIDENT AGENT desires appointment Middle-aged, married, exempt, hard working, thoroughly experienced in farming, dairying, estate management, accountancy. Highest references.—Box 404.

OTHER PROPERTY AND ADVERTISING, PAGE 132.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCIII. No. 2422

JUNE 18, 1943

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By *Section of His Grace the Duke and Earl of Sutherland, K.T., P.C.*

SUTHERLAND

On the Main L.M. & S. Line from Inverness to Wick.

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ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE GROUSE MOORS IN THE HIGHLANDS**

TRESSADY LODGE, a fine and substantial Residence, beautifully situated on high ground on the North side of Strath Fleet and commanding extensive views.

It contains 3 reception rooms, library, study, business room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 6 servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices with housekeeper's room and servants' hall.



Actual and estimated RENT ROLL of over £1,800 per annum. Burdens about £251.

TO BE SOLD. The Furniture would be sold at Valuation

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Electric light from private plant.

Good stabling. Garage. Keeper's and gardener's house. Extensive kennels. Cottages and crofts.

Feu Duties and Ground Rents.

GOOD SHOOTING with a mixed bag of grouse, blackgame, partridges, pheasants, snipe, woodcock and rabbits, etc.

FISHING RIGHTS (salmon and sea trout) on Rivers Brora and Fleet. Trout Fishing on two lochs.

700 FEET UP ON THE CHILTERNNS

Magnificent situation facing South. 50 miles from London.

A TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE, with its well-proportioned gables, stone mullioned and transomed windows, is extremely well fitted and panelled in oak and commanding absolutely superb views over many miles.

It has had many thousands of pounds expended upon it and is now in first-class order throughout.

Outer and inner halls, oak-panelled lounge, 3 other large and well-proportioned reception rooms, 10 principal bed and dressing rooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, and 5 bathrooms.

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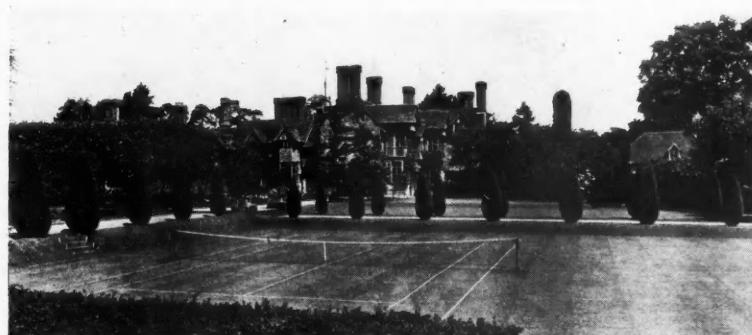
2 miles from Main Line Station with fine service of electric trains to Victoria and London Bridge.

A BEAUTIFUL TUDOR MANOR HOUSE BUILT ABOUT 1590

of small dark red brick, mullion windows with leaded lights, and a roof partly of Horsham stone flags.

It stands about 200 ft. above sea level, facing South and West, approached by a drive with a Henry VIIth lodge at entrance. Fine suite of reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms.

Beautiful oak panelling in all reception rooms and certain bedrooms.



Central heating. Companies' electric light, power, gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage.

Stabling for 7. Garages for several cars with flat over. 4 cottages. HOME FARM and buildings (let off).

The Pleasure Grounds are beautiful and form a perfect complement to the House, and include formal garden with clipped Portugal laurels, yews and flower beds, privy garden.

Bowling alley and green alley, both bordered by yew hedges. Garden pavilion built in the Tudor character, with entertainment room 33 ft. long. Tennis lawn and hard court. The pleached walk, a beautiful avenue of limes. Kitchen garden, orchard and range of glasshouses.

TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 150 ACRES

Part of the House is held under requisition, but Vacant Possession can be given of one wing comprising 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and Henry VIIth Lodge

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CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS AND YEOVIL.

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Inverness 10 miles. Dingwall 14 miles.

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RENNED FOR ITS HIGH STANDARD OF FARMING AND WARM NATURAL FERTILITY. THE PROPERTY EXTENDS TO
approximately 8,000 ACRES

and includes 43 Farms, many Feus, Site Rents and other Property comprised in the township of Avoch, and the valuable Salmon Fishing and netting rights in the Moray Firth at Ethie. The whole produces an actual and estimated rental of approximately

£6,300 PER ANNUM

Will be offered for SALE BY AUCTION, first as a whole and if not sold then in three lots, viz.:

LOT 1.—The LANDS OF SUDDIE, AUCTERFLOW, KILLIN and others to the North and East of the Estate, extending to approximately 3,200 ACRES and producing an actual and estimated rental of £2,600 PER ANNUM, approximately.

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LOT 3.—The VALUABLE SALMON FISHING RIGHTS in the MORAY FIRTH at Ethie, together with the mains of Ethie and other Farms extending in all to 1,600 ACRES and producing an actual and estimated rental of £700 PER ANNUM.

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LOVELY AND HISTORICAL BLACK-AND-WHITE RESIDENCE

Dating from the XIVth Century and in excellent state of preservation.

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, up-to-date domestic offices.

Main electric light.



Inspected and recommended by the Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 20, Bridge Street, Northampton, or as above

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IN A PLEASANT SMALL VILLAGE

Cirencester 6 miles. Kemble Junction 2 miles.

3 reception rooms, 3/5 bedrooms, bathroom, domestic offices, etc.

Main water. Partial central heating. Telephone.

GARAGE. GOOD GARDEN. SMALL PADDOCK.

In all about 1 ACRE

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,000 (or Offers)

Particulars from the Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS, Land Agents, Cirencester (Tel. 334).

Partial central heating.

FARM BUILDING WITH TYINGS
FOR 35 COWS.

COACH-HOUSE AND STABLING
2 COTTAGES.

170 ACRES

OF EXCELLENT LAND.

FOR SALE—FREEHOLD

CIRENCESTER (outskirts)

RURAL SURROUNDINGS.

BEAUTIFULLY MODERNISED RESIDENCE

4 reception, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

GOOD COTTAGE. GARAGES.

1½ ACRES IN ALL

MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. FINE LOGGIA.

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(3 lines)

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Easy reach of station. Situate on high ground.



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11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, modern offices.

Main services. Central heating.

Fitted basins (h. & c.) in nearly all bedrooms. Stabling. Garages. 2 cottages. Gardens and grounds, small park, 2 tennis courts, kitchen garden, etc. In all

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400 ft. up. Sandy soil. 2 miles from a Station.



AN OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge and 4 reception rooms. Main services. Central heating. Stabling. Garages. Cottages. Attractive grounds with rose garden, woodland, parkland, etc.

IN ALL NEARLY 79 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

Sole Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1. (277)

HERTS—FAVOURITE DISTRICT

23 miles from London.

AN UNIQUE AND ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE IN AN OLD GARDEN. 9 or 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Basins in some bedrooms. Central heating. Main water and electricity. Garage for 2 cars. Beautiful grounds (well kept). Good kitchen garden.

4½ ACRES IN ALL. FOR SALE OR TO BE LET FURNISHED.

Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

EASTERN COUNTIES



NORTH WALES

Adjoining the shores of the Menai Straits.

Being a secluded position close to station. Residence built of brick with slate roof commanding attractive views. 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, company's electric light, gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage. Garden includes kitchen garden and wood running down to the shore. In all about

1 1/2 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Golf Course 1 mile

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (38,034)



WEST SUSSEX. CLOSE TO MIDHURST

Facing South, with glorious views of the South Downs. A Modern House of Character, brick built, partly tile hung, with tiled roof, designed by an Architect

Occupies a quiet secluded position not overlooked in any way. Accommodation includes: Lounge hall, drawing, dining rooms, cloakroom, 6 beds, bath. Central heating throughout

Electric light. Co.'s gas and water. Modern drainage. Garage.

Cottage available with 2/3 bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen, etc. Garage. Garden.

Matured garden with lawns, flower beds, kitchen garden, picturesquely woodland plantation.

IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (30,918)

SOUTH CORNISH COAST

A FREEHOLD RESIDENCE standing high up in a sheltered position overlooking a famous Cove.

3 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bathroom.

Company's electric light. Local water supply. Telephone.

Cliff garden of about

3 ACRES

Golf links 2 miles.

PRICE FREEHOLD

£3,500

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High up in the beautiful Ashridge country, facing South, with magnificent views.

FOR SALE—COMFORTABLE MODERN HOUSE

4 bedrooms (3 with basins), bathroom, hall, 2 reception rooms. Company's water. Electric light. Central heating. 2 garages. Loose box. INEXPENSIVE GARDENS.

3 ACRES £4,750

4 ACRES EXTRA RENTED ADJOINING.

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

NORTH WILTSHIRE

4 miles from Chippenham in small village. Bus service.

STONE-BUILT HOUSE

6 bedrooms (3 with basins), 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Garage. Stabling. OLD-WORLD GARDENS and ORCHARD.

3 ACRES £4,500

Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

BUCKS

On high ground, 3 miles from Beaconsfield.

TO BE SOLD

THIS BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE

11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, hall and 2 reception rooms. Co.'s water and electric light. Central heating. 2 garages. Ample barns and sheds. 3 cottages.



NEARLY 47 ACRES

Particulars of: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

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AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES, AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

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UNDER AN HOUR NORTH OF LONDON

IDEAL SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE SUITABLE FOR A LONDON BUSINESS GENTLEMAN comprising RESIDENCE OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER

SURROUNDED BY MOAT AND DATING FROM THE LATE XVII CENTURY BUT MODERNISED AND IN FIRST-RATE ORDER.

located in a good sporting district. 300 ft. above sea level. Under 30 miles from London, with fast train service, near village and bus route.

Sitting rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, main electricity and water. Gas. Central heating. Stabling and garage. 5 cottages. Hard tennis court, squash rackets court.

135 ACRES

STREAM. EXCELLENT AND AMPLE FARM BUILDINGS.

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In a high situation, commanding magnificent views surrounded by lovely country.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, in excellent order. 3 sitting rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Electric light. Stabling and garage. Also some farm buildings. Tennis court and orchard. About 18 ACRES of grassland (22 ACRES in all). PRICE FREEHOLD £4,500 (or Offer).

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FINE MODERN RESIDENCE. On high ground, with views of Kentish Hills. 1 mile from town and station with splendid train service to City in 1/2 hour. Hall and 2 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity and power. Central heating. Company's water. Main drainage. Garage and stabling. About 2 ACRES. £4,250 FREEHOLD. With early vacant possession.

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IN A BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED DISTRICT UNDER ONE HOUR FROM LONDON BRIDGE AND THE WEST END

400 ft. above sea level. South-eastern aspect. Splendid views.

THE RESIDENCE

which is of the manor house type, is modernised and presents a most attractive exterior. 3 sitting rooms, billiards room, 8-9 bedrooms (lavatory basins, h. & c.), 2 bathrooms. Main electricity. Co.'s water. Lodge at drive entrance. 2 other cottages.

SECONDARY RESIDENCE. STABLING, GARAGE AND FARM BUILDINGS.

ABOUT 60 ACRES

WOULD SELL THE RESIDENCE SEPARATE FROM FARM

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HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1
Regent 8222 (15 lines)



SURREY

Picked situation on crown of Ditton Hill. About 1 1/4 miles from the Station. Near bus route.

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE



WITH MANY PLEASING FEATURES.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, convenient offices, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services. Partial central heating.

Garage with chauffeur's quarters adjoining. Cottage.

Delightful grounds attractively displayed, also productive kitchen garden, with range of glass, etc., in all about

6 ACRES

Good opportunity to purchase an attractive Residence near London at a Moderate Price.

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GLoucester, Worcester & Hereford Borders

Within easy reach of Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and Ledbury

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED

A BEAUTIFUL XVth-XVIth CENTURY MANOR HOUSE

EXPENSIVELY MODERNISED AND AFFORDING EVERY CONVENIENCE.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, day and night nurseries, bathrooms, etc. Electric light. Central heating. Garages. Stabling.

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS WITH WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN AND PADDOCK. ABOUT

3 ACRES IN ALL

RENT £400 PER ANNUM. OPEN TO OFFER. MIGHT BE SOLD

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1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

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WEST SUFFOLK

With possession, 6 miles respectively BURY and THETFORD. Flint built and slate FAMILY RESIDENCE. 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Own electricity. Range of outbuildings. Standing in 8 ACRES. AUCTION JUNE 30.

ARTHUR RUTTER SONS & CO., BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

FOR SALE

CANFORD CLIFFS (5 miles Bournemouth) Delightful Detached Residence. Close buses, village, school and golf. Between sea and harbour, with views of Purbeck and harbour. 4 bedrooms (basins), large hall, 2 reception rooms, maids' room, numerous fixtures and fittings, gas stove, fitted carpets and curtains throughout. Beautiful prolific garden with full sun. Vacant.—GRAY, Solicitor, Canford Cliffs.

SELKIRKSHIRE. FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY, THE ESTATE OF THE YAIR, GALASHIELS AND CLOVENFORDS STATIONS. This property, on the banks of the River Tweed, extends to about 2,725 Acres. The MANSION HOUSE, of very considerable character, beautifully situated on the right bank of the river, was REMODELLED and modernised in 1925, and is in perfect order. The accommodation, conveniently arranged, comprises: Large hall, 5 public rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms (including servants' bedrooms), 5 bathrooms, gun room, cloakroom, modern kitchen premises with double "Aga" cooker, servants' hall, pantry, laundry, etc. Garage accommodation and ample cottages. HOME FARM IS IN OWNER'S HANDS. Shootings include a GROUSE MOOR yielding 150 to 200 brace of GROUSE, attractive low ground shooting, and PHEASANT COVERTS capable of holding up to 1,000 birds. SALMON FISHING ONE BANK 3 MILES RIVER TWEEED, also excellent trout fishing. This property has been personally inspected by the Agents, is in excellent order throughout, and is STRONGLY RECOMMENDED. Solicitors: Strather & Blair, W.S., 12, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, 2. Full particulars and cards to view from—WALKER, FRASER AND SYKES, Estate Agents, 32, Castle Street, Edinburgh, and 74, Bath Street, Glasgow, or from the Solicitors, Strather & Blair, W.S., Edinburgh.

WANTED

BERKS, EAST. (Sunningdale area preferred.) Within 2 miles station. Wanted to buy, small House. 3/5 bed, 2/3 reception. At least one really large room. 1-3 Acres. Particulars and photographs to—"F. T." c/o TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1.

FOR SALE

CHESHIRE. FOR SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT. Excellent Hill Country DAIRY FARM of 60 ACRES. Very fine well-built and well-appointed Residence, containing lounge hall, lounge, dining room, sun parlour, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, w.c., billiards room, servants' bathroom, 3 secondary bedrooms. Carefully planned outbuildings, including well-equipped Dairy, Workmen's House, etc. Tying for 28 head. Will sell with stock, etc., as a going concern at £8,500. Apply—GEO. BRIAN, 10/16, Great King Street, Macclesfield (Tel. 2629).

PERTHSHIRE. For Sale with occupation, the new laid grass Farm of AUCHENGOWNIE, Glenfarg (Forgandenny Parish), extending to 275 Acres, 100 Acres good hill grazing, the remainder in crop and pasture (good lettings). Well-built stone house (7-8 rooms, conservatory, kitchen, etc.). Cottage. Adequate stonings. Sheep dipper. Good roads, fences. Excellent shoot, fishing. Assessed rental £135. Burdens £11 5s. 4d. Grieve to take charge. Appointment to view.—FERGUSON, Auchengowrie, Glenfarg.

WANTED

COTSWOLDS. Wanted (with possession after War) to BUY a small old COUNTRY HOUSE of character, modernised, with secluded, matured gardens and a few acres if possible. Fishing a great attraction, and cottage. Up to £5,000—£6,000.—Box 416.

DEVON, NORTH, NORTH-WEST SOMERSET or COTSWOLDS. Wanted to purchase Freehold, possession later by arrangement. Farm. Fairly high position. Suitable for mixed farming. Some woodland, 200-250 Acres. Not in village or near large town. Drive or lane approach. Stream with fishing. Stone house facing South. 2-3 reception, 5-6 bedrooms. Modern conveniences. Main services. Telephone. 2 cottages. Full particulars, photos and plan (will be returned) to—Box 420.

FARNHAM, PETERSFIELD, PETWORTH. Wanted urgently, small House. Good condition. Good small garden. Preferably to rent, with view to buying.—CRIGHTON, Scone, Parkway, Camberley.

GLOS, WORCS, SALOP, HEREFORD, WILTS, etc. Lady H. anxious to buy small COUNTRY HOUSE of character, up to £5,000, one or two large rooms. Write c/o her agents, CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS AND HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

HERTS, BERKS, BUCKS or SURREY preferred. Wanted urgently by genuine cash buyer. Medium-size House with good garden. Immediate decision.—BRITTON, 54, Windermere Avenue, Finchley, N.3.

8 MILES FROM BEDFORD

A WELL-APPOINTED GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE

Situate in an interesting village. 1 mile from station.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms,

study, 8 principal and 7 secondary bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 2 staircases and complete domestic offices.

Companies' electric light and water. Modern drainage. Garages. Stabling. 2 cottages (let).

Charming but inexpensive gardens and grounds, walled kitchen garden (let).

45 ACRES OF RICH PASTURE AND ARABLE LAND LET AT £85 PER ANNUM.

The whole having an area of

ABOUT 60 ACRES.

FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

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SOMERSET

On the outskirts of a quaint old market town.

A DELIGHTFUL SMALL TUDOR HOUSE

CAREFULLY RESTORED AND WITH EVERY MODERN COMFORT.

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (all with wash-basins), dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating. 2 garages. Stabling. 2 stone-built cottages.

Charming old-world grounds surrounded by a wall, with hard tennis court, flower and productive kitchen garden, etc., in all about

2 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,250

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DEVON and WEST DORSET. Owners of small and medium-sized Country Properties, wishful to sell, are particularly invited to communicate with Messrs. SANDERS, Old Fore Street, Sidmouth, who have constant enquiries and a long waiting list of applicants. No sale—No fees.

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THE CHOICE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY
WOODBURY, FARLEY HILL

A MOST ATTRACTIVE BRICK-BUILT HOUSE STANDING IN HEAVILY TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS

Lounge hall, 4 reception, 13 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. 4 Cottages. Fine block of Stabling. The pleasure Grounds are most tastefully disposed and studded with cedar, forest and many trees. Hard Tennis Court. Tennis and croquet lawns. Rose garden. Shrubberies. Partly walled Kitchen Garden, Orchard, etc. The remainder of the property is principally pasture, with a small area of woodland. In all

ABOUT 24 ACRES FOR SALE AT MODERATE PRICE

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OXON

In a beautiful position on high ground with really delightful views.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

Standing in well-timbered gardens and grounds. With hall, 3/4 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating.

Garage and useful Outbuildings.

Lawns, Hard Tennis Court, well-stocked Fruit and Vegetable Garden, etc. In all about

2 ACRES

For Sale FREEHOLD

Full details from: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,349)

SURREY

Commanding beautiful and extensive views over the countryside to the Surrey Hills. Within easy reach of the station with a splendid service of electric trains to Town in about 35 minutes. To be Sold

A CHARMING WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

with lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating.

Garage and useful outbuildings.

The Gardens are delightfully laid out with gravel terrace, tennis lawn, rose pergolas, etc., well-stocked kitchen garden, in all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,350)

NEAR BERKHAMSTED

In the centre of the beautiful Ashridge Country, with walks and riding over about 4,000 Acres of National Trust land.

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL MODERN HOUSE

containing hall, lounge, dining room, loggia, 4 bedrooms (3 with lavatory basins, h. & c.), bathroom.

Main water, electric light and power.

Garage. Loose boxes.

Pleasure gardens, well-stocked kitchen garden, paddocks, etc., in all

ABOUT 3 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).
Established 1875.SOMERSETSHIRE
NEAR EXMOOR, QUANTOCKS AND BRENDON HILLS

CHARACTER HOUSE, PARTLY XVth CENTURY. Panelled lounge, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Company's electric light. Excellent water supply. Modern drainage. Stabling. Garage for 3. Cottages. Grounds, old specimen trees, swimming pool, 2 tennis courts, thatched pavilion and summerhouse, kitchen garden.

4½ OR 36 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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¾ mile Henley-on-Thames Station.



MODERN RESIDENCE, pleasantly situated and convenient for bus route and shops. 2-3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Company's electricity, gas and water. Central heating. Garage for 2 and outbuildings. New Hard Tennis Court. Lawns. Well-stocked Gardens and Greenhouses.

2 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,362)

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LONDON, W.1.

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Grosvenor
1032-33

By direction of a Lady of Title.

SALE OF FINE ENGLISH AND FRENCH PERIOD FURNITURE

AT 54, PALL MALL, S.W.I

Also Reproductions; Modern Bedsteads, Bedding, Wardrobes, Chests, Settees, Easy Chairs, etc.

GRAND PIANOFORTES by BLUTHNER and IBACH; EASTERN CARPETS and RUGS; STEEL FENDERS; ENGLISH, CONTINENTAL and ORIENTAL PORCELAIN, OBJETS D'ART.

CLOCKS; BOOKS; BAROMETERS; FINE SOFA; WRITING, CARD and other TABLES.

TALLBOYS in MAHOGANY and WALNUT; SCREENS in LEATHER; DISPLAY CABINETS; BOOKCASES; BUREAUX.

DINING ROOM APPOINTMENTS in MAHOGANY; SETTEES, EASY CHAIRS and STANDARD DITTO by PARKER KNOLL; THREE FRIGIDIRES; CHINA and GLASS; and Miscellanea.

To be SOLD BY AUCTION on the Premises by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, early in JULY

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MAPLE & Co., LTD.

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(Regent 4685)

KENT, CHISLEHURST

Occupying a pleasant and most convenient situation.

TO BE SOLD

EXCELLENT HOUSE, with well-proportioned rooms, containing: Fine lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, small study, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, maid's sitting room, etc. Large garage, etc.

MODERATE PRICE

Recommended by the Agents:
MAPLE & Co., LTD., as above.STANMORE
MIDDLESEX

FOR SALE

THIS ATTRACTIVE HOUSE with oak-panelled hall, 3 reception, 4 double bedrooms, modern bathroom. Double garage.

GROUNDS OF ½ ACRE.

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(ESTABLISHED 1778)

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Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
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Westminster, S.W.1.WINCHESTER AND PETERSFIELD
SMALL ESTATE OF OVER 200 ACRES for After the War Occupation.**DELIGHTFUL WILLIAM AND MARY, PART GEORGIAN HOUSE.** 16 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception and billiards room. Electric light. Central heating, etc. Ample stabling and garages. 12 cottages. WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS, SQUASH COURT, Tennis Courts, HOME FARM, HOUSE AND BUILDINGS. **40.50 ACRES ARABLE, REMAINDER PASTURE**, with several spinneys affording good shooting.

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VIEWS ACROSS SEVERN VALLEY

370 ft. above sea. Station 1½ miles.

**DELIGHTFUL STONE RESIDENCE.** 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, good offices. Private electric light. Excellent water. Garage. Stabling, etc. Well-timbered gardens with hard tennis court.**FOR SALE FREEHOLD (WITH POSSESSION IN THE AUTUMN)**
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WITH VACANT POSSESSION

AN UNIQUE, MEDIUM-SIZED, MODERNISED EARLY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Facing South, with extensive views.

BETWEEN BEDFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, lofty studio or music room. STONE-FLAGGED PATIO WITH CLOISTERED SURROUND AND LILY POND. Garage and stabling, with 5 rooms over. CENTRAL HEATING. COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER.

Delightful grounds of about

18 ACRES

with specimen trees, beautiful Italian garden, kitchen garden, orchard and woodland walks.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

PRICE ONLY £5,000

OR LATER BY AUCTION.

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LITTLE BERKHAMSTED, Nr. HERTFORD



ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

ON 2 FLOORS.

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 principal bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, compact offices.

Central heating. Main electric light. Good water supply.

GARAGES. 2 COTTAGES.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, IN ALL ABOUT

8 ACRES

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.

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BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

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FARNHAM**ATTRACTIVE BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE.** In excellent order and most convenient. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All mains. Central heating. Garage. Stabling. Cottage. Delightful gardens finely timbered.

6 ACRES.

FREEHOLD ONLY £3,500

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WEST SUSSEX

VERY RARELY OFFERED

CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE (EARLY 18TH CENTURY). All upon 2 floors. 3 reception, 5 large and 3 small bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electric light and water. Stabling. Garage, etc. Gardens, wood and paddock.

10½ ACRES FREEHOLD £6,200

Photos and appointment to view from
Owner's Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY AND
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NEAR FAVOURITE LOOE.GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENTIAL AND
PROFIT FARMEXTREMELY FERTILE AND HIGHLY PRODUCTIVE. **12½ ACRES.** Watered by 2 streams. **BEAUTIFUL STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE.** Hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. Exceptionally good and extensive buildings. The entire property in perfect repair.**FREEHOLD ONLY £6,575**

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BOLTING

by

GEO. H. COPLEY, N.D. Hort.,
Horticultural Consultant and Joint Organiser
to the Lancashire County Garden Produce and Small Livestock Committee

BOLTING is the term used to denote the premature formation of flowers and seed. It ruins the food crops in which the phenomenon occurs. By abridging their normal life cycle, these crops fail to produce the organs that give them food value. There are many theories as to the cause of bolting, and quite a long article could be written appraising the merits of these. This, however, would hardly be relevant to our present purpose.

In the present season bolting is far more common than usual and no doubt one of the foundation reasons is that the soil during the past winter did not receive its usual weathering. In consequence, rooting conditions are not normal. Crops susceptible to bolting are more liable to receive a check, which to them is the red light. When they are held up, no matter what the cause, they immediately proceed to fulfil the main function of their life which is to reproduce their kind. Let us, therefore, see to it that the vital crops in our charge are encouraged to make steady, continuous growth.

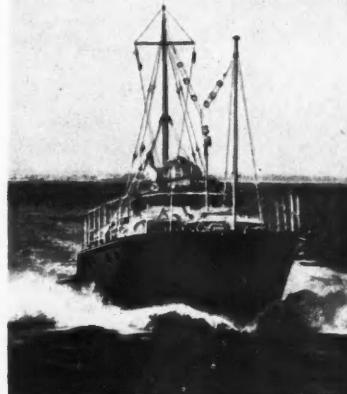
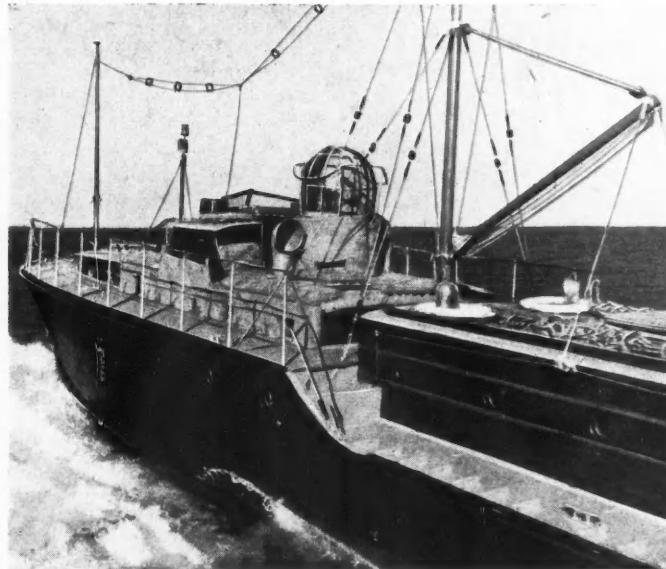
CABBAGES, savoys and coleworts, for example, are very prone to bolt, and there is no doubt that the tendency is accentuated by permitting overcrowding in the seed-beds. All too frequently the seedlings are moved straight from these quarters to their permanent positions. Their hard stems and small yellow leaves are plain proof of the ordeal through which they have passed. Very soon after reaching their final positions, up goes the flower spike. If the seedlings were transplanted at 6 inches apart into nursery beds as soon as they were big enough to handle, every plant would give the normal crop according to its kind. Bolting cabbages, savoys and coleworts can be restored to normal if the stem is pierced one inch above soil level with a sharp penknife, and a small pebble is inserted in the slit. This must be done as soon as the lengthening stem bespeaks the bolting tendency.

Bolting may occur amongst carrots, beet, salsify, scorzonera, swedes, turnips and onions. The two main causes are thick sowing and late thinning. The former constitutes an unpardonable waste of precious seed and can easily be avoided. However much work presses, a special effort should be made to thin the seedlings before there is risk of congestion. If that is done, there is no crisis and no bolting. Here is the spacing for the crops mentioned:—Maincrop carrots, maincrop beet and swedes, 12 inches; salsify and scorzonera, 9 inches; turnips, globe beet and onions, 6 inches. If any of the above root crops should bolt there is, with the exception of onions, no hope for them. If the flower stem is nipped off an onion, it will form offsets or side bulbs. The general dislocation and loss, however, are so serious that the need for prompt thinning cannot be over-emphasised.

THE bolting of lettuce and endive is due to the check that follows the mistaken practice of transplanting. I refer, of course, to the outdoor summer kinds. Sow them sparingly where they are to mature, thinning out later in the case of lettuce to 6 or 9 inches apart, according to variety, and in that of endive to 12 inches.

Celery and leeks would never bolt if they were transplanted from the boxes or frames before congestion and soil poverty occurred. When, for instance, there is only food for twenty plants and a hundred are competing for it, Nature will step in and demand the operation of her eternal reproduction law. A second contributory cause is lack of water in the growing season. That is why celery and leek growers should flood their trenches occasionally in droughty weather.

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIII No. 2422

JUNE 18, 1943



Harlip

MISS VYVYAN BODLEY

Miss Bodley is the only daughter of Major J. R. C. Bodley, M.C., 60th Rifles, and Mrs. Bodley, 20, Cygnet House, Chelsea: her engagement to Wing Commander Maurice James Baird-Smith, eldest son of the Rev. A. M. Baird-Smith and Mrs. Baird-Smith, the Rectory, Wheathampstead, Hertfordshire, was recently announced.

COUNTRY LIFE

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NATIONAL FOREST POLICY

TWICE in a generation Britain has had to pay the penalty for neglecting native timber resources—by the State's discouragement of landowners, by death duties, and by the starving of the Forestry Commission established in 1919 as a result of the last war's experiences. There are 3,000,000 acres of woodlands in Great Britain, of which less than half consisted of high forest, and, including 450,000 acres devastated during the last war, roughly 1,500,000 acres were of little economic value. Our woodland acreage is only 5 per cent. of Great Britain's area, compared to Germany's 26 and France's 17 per cent., and in pre-war years supplied 4 per cent. of our timber needs. In this war the inroads already made into our slender reserves are well known to be very severe: they are expected to be much greater than the fellings made in 1914-18, and this from an available woodland area shrunk to some one and a half million acres. Between 1919 and 1939 it is doubtful if more than 500,000 acres were forested or replanted, while around 400,000 remained derelict since the last war.

In this deplorable situation, far worse than 1918, a re-orientation of thought is indeed necessary, and none will criticise the Forestry Commission's programme, to devote 5,000,000 acres to afforestation over 50 years, on the score of its boldness. Of this, three-fifths are intended to be on open land and two-fifths on existing woodland; the net cost is estimated at £41,200,000. Experience has unfortunately shown that private estates (with some outstanding exceptions) cannot be expected to make up, let alone overtake, their share of the shortage, so the scheme of "dedication" is proposed under which owners will manage approved woodlands under direction in return for 25 per cent. assistance towards cost "until the woods are self-supporting" when, presumably, they will obtain a fair price for timber and meanwhile enjoy their sporting and other amenities.

But, encouraging as is the scope of the Commission's policy, its very size gives cause for anxiety. This country is notoriously inconstant in woodland policy—we have but to recall the scaling down of the modest Acland Report proposals of 1917 and the consistent starving of the Forestry Commission. This time a pledge must be given and honoured. So large an area of afforestation, too, brings its own problems in relation to agriculture, scenery, and skilled man-power. As Sir George Stapledon has laid down, afforestation and land improvement are inseparable parts of the same problem, to which

must now be added town and country planning. This vast acreage, if devoted to rectangular enclosures of conifers, would largely destroy the beauty of much of the nation's scenery. Fortunately the war has itself proved the need for many native species of hardwoods, and in recent years considerable agreement has been reached on methods of planting conifers with contrasting hardwoods for scenic effect. A great need will arise for "landscape architects" of the calibre of Brown and Repton, and then for trained foresters, for whom schools must be provided. The Oxford course may well be insufficient, and more training centres, such as that so usefully initiated in Norfolk by Mr. Richard Coke, require to be multiplied and expanded.

THE COTTAGE CLIENT

Scottish women's rural institutes have elicited the views of their members on the ideal cottage for agricultural workers, which Mr. Robert Hurd, an Edinburgh architect, has incorporated in a model. It differs a good deal from the result reached in England by the Ministries of Works and Health, who also had women's advice through the Central Advisory Committee. The Scottish ideal is single storeyed, harled and pantiled, with three windows and a door on each front—that at the back giving on to a glass-roofed veranda-cum-fuel shed. It has a kitchen-living room, two double and one single bedrooms of good dimensions, scullery, bathroom, indoor w.c., and ample built-in cupboards. The English preference for living on two floors, except when people pay for their own bungalows, certainly complicates the problem here, but the Scottish ladies are evidently not worried by the expected shortage of rafters-timber for pitched roofs after the war. It is hard to believe that Scandinavia will not want to send us deals just as soon as we can import them. This Scottish model should encourage our Women's Institutes to do some constructive thinking. As to men, some convincing notes on what the troops are thinking are contained in *Civic Design and the Home*, by Arnold Whittick (Faber 1s. 6d.). Through lectures to the Forces and discussions with troops on housing, he concludes that nine out of ten prefer houses to flats, and all but 3 per cent. are for semi-detached as against terrace houses. His solution of the problem thus posed, which fits in with the trend of progress in planning suburbs, is to give up the notion of architectural ensembles of houses along broad streets and rather to group them, with quite subordinate access roads, in "precincts" sited according to contour and sunlight.

FIRST SIGHTING OF WEST AFRICA

*Out of the swelling noon,
Bursting the eye with tears of heat,
From the parched sea
Looms Africa.*

*O land of lions,
Of gold guarded by fevers,
Spinning a drapery of green sierras
From the sky's side.
Land, magic with favours,
Perilous with love,
Behind the garnish of the noble stance,
The wonderful ambush.
Travellers bring no peace,
But thirst and Bibles;
Reaching pale medicated hands for more
Favours and gold,
Hard ivory, yielding slaves.
Spoilers for centuries have gained this coast,
Seeking a timeless agony of wealth,
Bright as a fever in the flickering night.*

JOHN PUDNEY.

TWILIGHT GARDEN

LATE evening is now the only time when most of us can enjoy a flower garden, so it may be worth noting how widely noon and sundown values differ. Soon after the nightjar has begun to churr, when day turns to dusk, fragrance becomes more important, and flowers which failed in form or colour may be passed with honours into a twilight garden. The night-scented stock is the most obvious example, but

the honey-sweet white alyssum and sweet rocket may also be mentioned. And surely Mrs. Sinkins is at her best when the June dusk is deepening into darkness, and the white borders—more sweet-scented than at tennis time—are transmuted into lines of surf? Colour can be little appreciated in the gloaming. Though all blues, specially anchusa and delphiniums, glow with a strange radiance, the white flowers win easily, and how lovely a white rose or a white sweet pea can seem in the near-darkness! White campions, white foxgloves, white mallows, white Canterbury bells—these, even if scentless, surely deserve their place, for they are never more beautiful than in the twilight. But many white or very pale flowers combine qualities of form and fragrance; a complete list would be long; to the pinks, carnations and roses might first be added syringa, white jasmine, the older white tobacco plants, Madonna and other lilies and such evening primroses as *O. trichocalyx* and *O. odorata*. And the perfume of many of these grows stronger as the light grows weaker. That is true also of many honeysuckles—not easily to be seen when the glow-worms' lanterns appear: happy the tired gardener whose bedroom window is adorned with honeysuckle for continued enjoyment even while human consciousness is flowing through its own twilight into night's oblivion.

A MIGHTY RUNNER

W. G. GEORGE has died at the age of 84 and, unless it be Paavo Nurmi, no greater runner has ever lived. It is in the nature of records that they must always go at last, but George's 4 mins. 12¾ secs. for the mile endured for 37 years, and he will be remembered long after some who have beaten his time are forgotten. He was at his zenith when the arts of running and training had been far less carefully studied than they have been since, and it is fair to add that his time, then deemed almost incredible, was made in a race against a single opponent, Cummings, and not with the aid of pace-makers. It is said that this was the only race for which he seriously prepared; he generally trained on bread and cheese and beer and was never afraid to break even this rudimentary training if he felt so disposed. It is that terrific race, in which Cummings fell exhausted 60 yds. from the tape, by which George will be remembered, but he had had a long and remarkable career as an amateur before he turned professional in order to meet Cummings. He had won the mile and four-mile championships each four times and that against a most formidable enemy, W. Snook of Shrewsbury; the half-mile and 10 miles each twice, and the National cross-country championship twice. This was a wonderful record in pre-Olympic days, and in this country unlikely ever to be beaten. It is always idle to compare past and present in any sport, but George was at any rate incomparably great in his own time and his name still sounds stirring.

WAR TO THE KNIFE

WE live in a state of being deprived of something or another by the authorities, and now it is announced that no more large knives and forks will be made for us. This is, to be sure, a very small deprivation, at which we shall scarcely grumble, even though our eggs and bacon, if we can get them, may look disproportionately large in consequence. It will be remembered that when the ladies of Cranford spent the day with Mr. Holbrook they had nothing but knives or two-pronged forks with which to eat the most delicious green peas. They were in a quandary, for the peas fell between the prongs and it was hopelessly ungenteel to shovel them in with a knife. Here something more than gentility was involved, since to eat peas with a knife is a comparatively perilous adventure; but in a general way we are merely the slaves of custom in these matters. At least we shall be spared the embarrassment of beginning with the wrong knife, so that we are left to tackle the cheese with (to borrow the Oxford don's definition of golf clubs) "instruments singularly ill adapted to the purpose." These are days of equality, and for the future all knives and forks will be equal.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

ONE is asked in these days to accept some very queer pets as guests for the period of the war, and I have been offered in return a chicken-slaying lurcher, guaranteed to wipe out the largest poultry run in 10 minutes, a monkey and a parrot. I was on the point of accepting the parrot, who was an amusing and talkative fellow, but a secret service agent whom I employed warned me strongly against him, as apparently he would not live in a cage, shrieking incessantly if incarcerated, and he was accustomed to walk about the room making kindling wood from the furniture. It was due to his impact on a very fine Queen Anne tallboy that he was seeking a new home. The monkey I refused off-hand, for why add to one's troubles with mischievous pets when one has colonies of jays and magpies in the near-by spinney, a fox's earth behind the house and the imitable rabbit inside the garden?

The only monkey I would care to own is a chimpanzee who, strictly speaking, is not a monkey but is on a different social and intellectual scale altogether. I had two very old friends in the Cairo Zoo, whom I had known from their infancy and whom I visited whenever I was in the city—Marie and her brother, whose name I have forgotten. Both had their little faults, as the male became a nicotine addict and a chain cigarette smoker, while "Troops in Egypt" taught Marie to make a most vulgar noise with her lips. Owing to the fact that Marie had very large and prehensile lips her rendering of this noise left a lasting impression on one, and caused considerable annoyance to the mandrill who lived next door.

* * *

THE male chimpanzee started cigarette smoking at a very early age and, having many friends, he was presented with upwards of 100 cigarettes a day, and considerably more on general holidays when the Gardens were crowded. These he kept in a private store, and all the hours of daylight he puffed away vigorously, lighting fresh cigarettes from the end of the last one, and thumbing out the stub very thoroughly on the floor of his cage. Ultimately he developed smoker's catarrh and throat trouble, and, to prevent well-meaning friends from supplying him with forbidden cigarettes, he was put in an adjoining cage where the public could not come in contact with him. This soured him and he became surly with a very violent temper, but Marie, who never smoked, remained sweet and lovable, though still addicted to the nasty noise on occasions.

One day a foreign Princess whose name also was Marie was staying in Cairo, and arranged to visit the Zoo, and the Egyptian director was very much worried about Marie the chimpanzee, as she was at her worst when attracting attention. It would be a dreadful matter, liable to cause grave offence, if she forgot herself when meeting royalty, and it would be a still more terrible affair if the distinguished visitor discovered that the vulgar chimpanzee bore the same name as herself. The director called up all the attendants and warned them—if any man dared to mention the word Marie in the presence of Her Royal Highness he would be dismissed from the service instantly.

On the fateful day all went well at first. Marie went through her tricks and showed her great intelligence, and then, just as the party



"THE POPLARS STAND AND TREMBLE BY POOLS I USED TO KNOW"

was about to move on, there came a rending sound which reverberated through the gardens.

"It was terrible—terrible!" said the director describing the scene later. "Too terrible, for, after warning all my men and threatening them, it was I—I, myself—who shouted: 'Oh, you mustn't do that, Marie!'"

* * *

IN this part of the British Isles, in common with many other rural areas, we are faced by the difficulty of reconciling the necessary work of the farmer with the requirements of the Home Guard, and possibly in this corner of the country the problem is rather greater than elsewhere because a large number of our men belong to what is termed the small-holding class—those who work some 20 acres single-handed, or a hundred odd with the help of one man. To say that these small farmers never have a free moment is no exaggeration, for everywhere they go about their farms there is some job staring them in the face and calling out for instant attention; and though the paid hand may leave his work at 6 p.m. the employer is frequently out with the harrow, seed drill or hoe until darkness makes further work impossible.

Somebody said that one of the drawbacks to the Home Guard was the presence in it of a few of those that have nothing else to do, as it is very difficult for a retired man with time to kill and all day in which to do it, and who welcomes service in the Home Guard as an interesting hobby, to see things from the viewpoint of a harassed farmer with an increased acreage down to corn and no casual labour of any sort available. The four to six hours a week he is called upon to devote to drills, with usually a long cycle ride to the place of assembly, seems a mere drop in the ocean to the platoon commander who has every hour at his disposal, but to the farmer it represents half a working day when his turnip rows are choked with weeds and his corn desperately in need of the roller.

* * *

OWING to the variety of new weapons which have been issued to the Home Guard the tendency in some units has been to concentrate on these in preference to the rifle, but from the film of *Desert Victory* it would seem that this despised weapon still plays a most important part in every battle. The solution of the farmer and small-holder difficulty would seem to be the formation of squads of guerrilla sharpshooters, who could not fail to be of the very greatest value in hedgerow, wood and by-path, where they are at home, and to ask nothing more of them than a short course with the rifle.

In the very early days of this war when everybody felt the urge to do something, and there was very little which one could do, I worked on a neighbouring farm in my spare time, and one evening, after several hours spent turning the damp sheaves of oats in their stocks to dry off in the wind, I called at the farm-house to ask what I should do on the morrow, as I had finished.

"Finished!" said the farmer's wife reprovingly. "You must never use the word 'finished' on a farm—you mean you've left off for the night."

* * *

THE recent article on the red-backed shrike is a reminder that this summer visitor appears to be much rarer than he was some 50 years ago. In the bad old days when as a schoolboy I went egg-collecting, the red-backed shrike, or butcher bird, was comparatively common, and I recall one spinney in Sussex surrounded by a straggling blackthorn hedge where there were no fewer than four nests of these birds—all of them with their larders of impaled bumble bees, grasshoppers and other large insects. I wish this shrike would leave the bumble bee alone, as he is a most sterling, hard-working fellow and invaluable during the fruit fertilisation period in early spring.

A few days ago I caught a glimpse of a bird in a hedgerow that I think may have been a woodchat shrike, but before I could get my glasses on him he had disappeared. The same thing occurred a few days later, but again he escaped definite identification, and, as this variety has only been recorded some 40 times in the British Isles, I should not care to claim him as a woodchat. He is very much like his cousin the red-backed, the difference being that the red colouring in his case is on the head, not the back, and the black pencilling round the eyes is more marked.

I had a very good opportunity of studying the shrike species, as, when I lived on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, all the varieties, in some numbers stayed in my garden for a week or more on the northern migration. On one occasion I saw the five types at the same moment—the great grey, the lesser grey, the woodchat, the red-backed and the most striking and best-looking of the family, the masked. They were dealing with a small locust invasion at the time, and it was my experience that the shrikes all prefer insect food when available; in fact the red-backed was the only member of the variety who committed murder and played the part of cannibal when they stayed as guests in my garden.

GUNPOWDER PLOT IN NEEDLEWORK

DAME DOROTHY SELBY, "WHOSE ARTE DISCLOS'D THAT PLOT"

By KATHARINE A. ESDAILE

WHEN James I came to the throne, the Governor of Berwick, William Selby Esquire, Keeper of the Keys, solemnly handed them over to the King in virtue of his office, being thereon knighted and commissioned to clear the surrounding country of "certain robbers" guilty of "infamous outrages" on the Border; he rounded up 1,500 for execution or transportation, and at length "established universal tranquillity."

All this, and more, is set forth on the monument to himself and his uncle, another Sir William, in the church of Ightham, Kent; from this uncle Sir William the younger inherited Ightham Mote. Their monument, with its carved reclining effigies, is certainly by William Wright of Charing Cross, and was probably erected to the order of the younger knight, whose wife, a daughter of Charles Bonham and the subject of this article, is also commemorated at Ightham.

Dame Dorothy Selby—Dorothy, Lady Selby, as we should now call her—was born in 1572, and, tradition asserts, was akin to the Lord Monteagle who, on October 26, 1605, received that mysterious letter warning him of a "terrible blow" to come, and adjuring him "to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at the parliament" called for November, 1605. Monteagle took the letter to Whitehall; the

cellars were searched, and Guy Fawkes captured.

Selby tradition maintains that Monteagle showed the letter to Dame Dorothy, who at once suspected the truth; and the tradition is confirmed by the fact that James I presented her—a quiet country lady—with a miniature of himself and a jetton (a form of medallion) bearing his portrait; the miniature was unfortunately sold by a descendant half a century ago, but the jetton remained in the family till the present war, when it was sent with others to a Red Cross sale; enquiries have failed to trace the purchaser.

This was Dame Dorothy's one excursion into history; the rest of her life she spent quietly at the Mote, and, having no children, she devoted herself to good works, music (the lute shown on her monument seems to prove her interest in gardening), and above all to embroidery. When she died, a monument was erected to her memory which interested John Aubrey so much that he made a note of the epitaph which follows (*Brief Lives*, ed. 1898, II, page 10). He had it, like others which he mentions, "From Mr. Marshall," whose yard in Fleet Street he often visited, and he took it down with more haste than correctness; he also omitted to say where it was. The actual text is as follows, Aubrey's variants being given in square brackets:

D. D. [Dedicated]
to the pretious name and
honour [pious memory]
of

Dame Dorothy Selby,
the relict of Sir William
Selby, Knt.,
the only daughter and
heir of Charles Bonham,
Esq.:

She was a Dorcas
Whose curious Needle
turn'd th' abused
Stage
Of this Leud World into
the Golden Age,
Whose Pen of Steele and
silken Incke enrolled
The Acts of Jonah in
records of Gold,
Whose Arte disclos'd
that Plot which, had
it taken,
Rome had tryumph'd
and Britan's walls had
shaken;
In heart a Lydia and in
tongue a Hanna,
In Zeale a Ruth, in
Wedlock a Susanna;
Prudently simple, pro-
vidently wary,



DAME DOROTHY SELBY'S MONUMENT
IN IGHTHAM CHURCH, KENT
Here identified as by Edward Marshall, King's
Master Mason

To th' world a Martha and to Heaven a Mary.
Who put on } in the yere of her } Pilgrimage 69,
Immortality } Redemption 1641, } March 15.

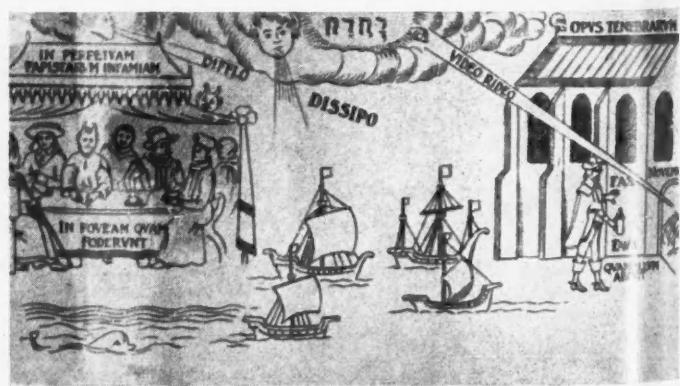
"Mr. Marshall," who succeeded Nicholas Stone both as Master of the Mason's Company and as Master Mason to the Crown, was a notable sculptor, and the friend of many men of letters. He it was who carved the bust of Michael Drayton in Poets' Corner; modelled a bust of Quarles, lost in Aubrey's lifetime; executed the monumental busts of Inigo Jones (lost in the Fire) and William Harvey, still at Hempstead, Essex; was desired by his friend Howell to make his monument (up to 1941 in the Temple Church but now lost), and was besides the author of many larger works, two of which are noted by Dugdale. It is an odd fact that all his works recorded in literature are unsigned, whereas a large number not so recorded bear his signature. Possibly the noble Dame Elizabeth Culpeper at Hollingbourne and the superb Filmer brass in East Sutton church, both executed in 1638, suggested his employment at Ightham three years later. His son Joshua, who worked much with Wren, succeeded him "in his office as in his virtues," as their joint epitaph has it, and executed nearly as many monuments as Edward himself.

Dame Dorothy's consists of a bust in widow's dress, set in a deep oval niche with a patterned background, of which more hereafter; below her are small figures of mourners watching over her urn, doubtless representing those whom she, a second Dorcas, clothed and fed; to right and left angels draw back a curtain, revealing



MARSHALL'S BUST OF DAME DOROTHY

Above the head, his copy in plaster relief of her lost needlework picture *The Golden Age*



A REPRODUCTION OF THE INCISED PANEL BEHIND THE BUST. *Britain's Deliverance*, based on Dame Dorothy's needlework picture seen on the opposite page

BRITAIN'S DELIVERANCE

Dame Dorothy's needlework picture of the defeat of the Armada (left) and Guy Fawkes, instructed by a Papal-diabolical Conclave, making for the cellars of Parliament

figures of Time and Death in the spandrels above, those below being filled by a lute and an embroidery frame; no one to whom Marshall's style is familiar could doubt the authors' *ipso facto* for a moment. If a personal note be permitted, I saw the monument across the church on a dark day, and exclaimed: "What a fine Marshall; I wonder who it is"; a moment more, and the omission in Aubrey was as made good; here, at last, was the epitaph he took down three centuries ago from Mr. Marshall, though, oddly enough, no writer on the monument, whether in *Notes and Queries* (1856), the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1783), *Archaeologia Cantiana* or even Sir Edward Harrison in the excellent *Current Guide* to the church, knows anything of Aubrey or of the authorship of the work.

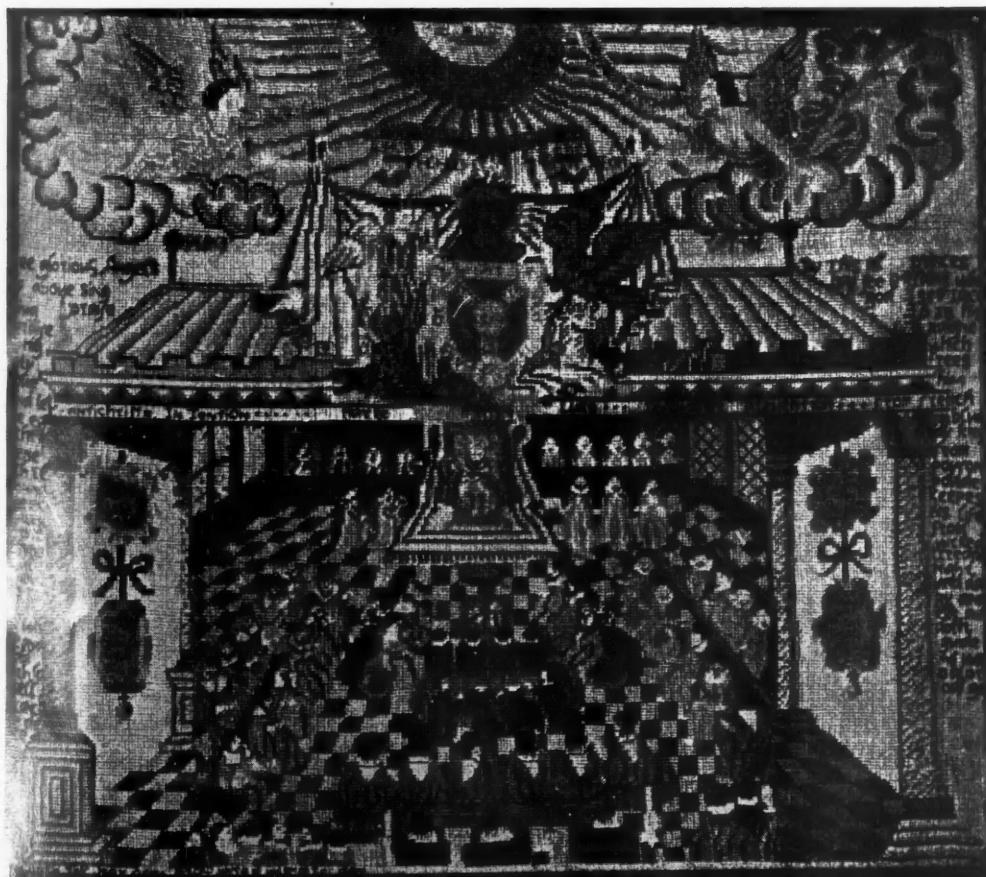
Its most remarkable feature, the background of the niche, was invisible when I saw it; this represents two of the very pictures wrought by "her Pen of Steele and Silken Incke," the *Golden Age* and *Gunpowder Plot*, the latter an insufficient description, since the design includes that other political peril of Dame Dorothy's lifetime, the Armada. The originals must have been lent to Marshall, and if we compare that of the Plot with his incised version on the lower half of the background we can but admire the fidelity with which he reproduces its essential features, although, to get a better artistic balance presumably, he has reversed two of the scenes, placing the Armada in the middle, between the Papal Conclave



planning the Gunpowder Plot and the Eye of Providence, whose beam falls on the figure of Guy Fawkes with his lantern. The English and Dutch versions of the Armada inscriptions *Diffo Dissipo* and *Ventorum Ludibrium* are omitted, but the *Video Rideo* above the Eye of Providence and the Sacred Name in Hebrew letters remain, though the Glory round the

latter is simplified. The words *Faux, Fax*, are inscribed beside the traitor with his lantern making for the barrels of powder under the threatened Parliament building on whose roof are shown two heads set on pikes; the names "Catesby" and "Percy" are omitted in this panel, as are the English version of *Opus tenebrarum*, the dates 1588, 1605, and the translation of the inscription *Deo trino in uno Britannia bis ulti In memoriam Classis invincibilis subversa submersa proditionis nefanda detecta disiecta*. But Marshall's reproduction of what, in the needlework, forms the central group, the Papal Conclave seated at a table, is, save for its position in relation to the other scenes, minutely accurate, though his outline conveys no idea of the vivid colouring and curious charm of the original.

The group consists of the Pope, two cardinals, one in a hat, one in a scarlet biretta, a monk, a friar, the Devil with horns and hoofs, and Guy Fawkes himself, who is taking his instructions from them. Their countenances are extraordinarily vivid and spirited, and the inscriptions above and below the tent in which they meet *In perpetuam Papistorum infamiam*, and *In foveam quod foderunt*—into the pit which they have dug—being duly reproduced, though the long and not always legible song of praise for the King's deliverance wrought round the margin has not been attempted by the sculptor. It is a fair inference that his representation of her *Golden Age* is equally faithful; at one side of the plaster relief which fills the upper part of the niche is an angel, seen from behind and richly modelled and foreshortened, who keeps the way of the Tree of Life; in the centre Adam takes from Eve the apple which she has plucked from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil behind them; to her left they are seen moving dejectedly away from Paradise. All sorts of details can be made out, a stag, an antelope, a horse, birds, and the clever perspective of foreground and background; the Miltonic excellence of the central group and the guardian angel, make



A SESSION OF PARLIAMENT IN THE PRESENCE OF KING JAMES I
Needlework picture by Dame Dorothy Selby

it a matter of deep regret that the original, which would have formed so admirable a pictorial commentary on the *Paradise Lost* of 50 years later, has disappeared; Marshall's technique suggests that the original embroidery was raised, not flat as in the case of the *Plot*.

The *Acts of Jonah*, as we shall see, also exists in a tiny copy, but before discussing it we must ask whether Sir E. Harrison is altogether wise in rejecting the tradition that Dame Dorothy discovered the Plot from the Monteagle letter, and in interpreting the phrase in the epitaph.

Whose arte disclos'd that Plot which, had it taken, Rome had tryumph'd and Britan's walls had shaken

as a mere reference to her embroidery. To disclose is, surely, to reveal, not to depict: had the latter been intended, the word would have been metrical, accurate and in accordance with contemporary usage: it was not the art of needlework which disclosed the Plot, but Dame Dorothy's mother-wit, and James I's present of his portraits is surely strong confirmation of the tradition. We cannot, however, press the tempting connection between the "Providently wary" of the epitaph with the Eye of Providence of the picture, since the phrase is found on at least one epitaph before Dame Dorothy's death, doubtless because "wary" and "Mary" happen to rhyme conveniently.

As already said, the *Jonah* has vanished, but it has lately been discovered that a version of it exists. Dame Dorothy's descendants own a full-length portrait of her, her nephew and heir in pink satin, aged about six, at her side, her right hand on a piece of needlework lying on a table; by it lies a brilliantly painted tulip and a bunch of pinks is stuck into the cuff of her left sleeve, as if to testify to her love of flowers. This picture having recently been cleaned, it is now possible to make out the subject of that piece of needlework—it is the lost *Acts of Jonah*. The prophet, in broad-brimmed hat and traveller's cloak, stands on the sea shore; behind him a brown curving whale swims away on one side, the ship, sailing in the opposite direction, on the other; in the distance is the city of Nineveh, towards which Jonah, taught by experience, is turning his steps. Red brick is the city, with stone coigns to the houses, which strongly resemble the group of houses in the *Judgement of Solomon* still to be described, and it stands on the verge of the sea, a sandy road leading to it with a foreground of green countryside. It would seem that, since Dame Dorothy chose to be painted with her hand placed upon this picture, she looked upon it as her masterpiece at the time the portrait was painted, probably about 1625.

Dame Dorothy's descendants also own a companion piece to the *Plot* in the shape of a safe and peaceful *Session of Parliament* under James I which gives us the interior, as her *Plot* gave us the exterior, of the Chamber. Executed in silks of less brilliant hues than the last, it is curiously and minutely attractive; even the face of James is recognisable, and the skill with which the heads and shoulders of those with their backs to the spectator are rendered as vividly as the faces of those sitting in full view is most remarkable.

One other picture—the last, clearly, that Dame Dorothy wrought, since it is unfinished—

is in existence, the *Judgement of Solomon*. The whole design is drawn out with a fine pen in the permanent ink of the period, but parts of the embroidery were not begun; clearly she completed one part of the picture before touching another. Solomon—a striking likeness of Charles I—sits under a tent-like canopy of state; before him, on the ground, lies the dead babe, represented not naked but shrouded, like the chrisom children on a contemporary monument, the indifferent woman beside it; the real mother stretches her hands towards the King just as a soldier in cuirass and plumed casque *à la romaine* raises his sword to smite the child he holds in his left hand; an attendant

vivid and better composed than any of the rest, if less interesting than her record of the great historical event in which she had a share. After her death John Aubrey dropped in on his friend Mr. Marshall, as his habit was, this time to enquire for details of Inigo Jones's monument and in so doing forgot to take down the *epitaph* (not the church, this time), and noted that he must "get [it] from Mr. Marshall". He was struck by an epitaph in the sculptor's shop and copied it, omitting this time to note the name of the church; that the monument itself contained versions of two of the very pictures mentioned in the epitaph he was unaware.



THE JUDGEMENT OF SOLOMON

Unfinished picture, the design drawn on the canvas but only the background worked.
By Dame Dorothy Selby

or two and a group of buildings in the corner of the Nineveh type we saw in the *Jonah*, complete the scene. So far as preservation goes, this is the best of Dame Dorothy's existing works, its brilliant colour-scheme recalling the Armada-Gunpowder Plot picture rather than the relatively subdued interior of the Parliament House; to judge from the copy of it in her portrait the *Jonah* was also bright, but its colour-scheme did not admit of the glorious orange silk used in the *Solomon*.

We may now sum up the history implied in the pictures and the monument.

Lady Dorothy, an intelligent woman of six and thirty, intensely opposed to Roman Catholicism, suspected a sinister meaning in the mysterious letter sent to Lord Monteagle, which she saw between October 26, when it arrived, and November 3, when the Houses of Parliament were searched and barrels of gunpowder were found in the vaults; James I gave her his own portrait in two forms; and she set to work to record this deliverance and that of the previous generation, the Armada, in her own medium, needlework, modestly ascribing the discovery of the Plot to the Eye of Providence which in the epitaph is given to her own quick wit. This she followed up by a similar picture as a sequel—Parliament in session, the King presiding, the roof surmounted, as in the earlier picture, by the heads of Percy (here spelt Piercy) and Catesby set on pikes. Two lost needlework pictures are known from her monument, the *Golden Age*, lent to Marshall for him to sketch in plaster on her monument and noted in her epitaph; and *The Acts of Jonah*, reproduced in the full-length portrait. Finally, we have the *Judgement of Solomon*, unfinished indeed but, if anything, more competent, more

Now that the safety of so many of our treasures is in question, Dame Dorothy's descendant has permitted the recording of all the surviving pictures, and, thanks to Mr. Mellin, the lost *Golden Age* upon her monument has been successfully reproduced; the tracing of the incised panel, which defies photography, enables us to compare her original of the *Armada* and *Gunpowder Plot* with Marshall's version; we see her *Jonah* in the detail of the portrait, the interior of Parliament in another picture and the unfinished but resplendent *Judgement of Solomon* in yet another. May they all survive the changes and chances of war for the instruction and delight of future generations.

The following verses, barely legible in 1794 when the Rev. Philip Parsons published them, were painted on the north wall of the north aisle of Lavenham Church: the later lines are omitted as irrelevant:

Thou, Lord, who from the Spanish yoake
And from the powder blast
And from the former sicknesse Stroake
And from this newly past
Hast saved us, and ours, and thine
So many as survive,
Oh, do not of thy grace divine
Our feeble soules deprive!
Lord, bless the Parliamentall Courte
Upper and Lower house,
And when to counsel they resort
In them remember us.

Can any rumour of these lines have inspired Dame Dorothy to show us the Spanish Fleet, the Plot, and the "Parliamentall Courte" in her own medium, needlework?



Detail of a full-length portrait of Dame Dorothy Selby, showing part of her lost needlework picture *The Acts of Jonah*

OUR RAT WEEK

Written and Illustrated by M. FORSTER KNIGHT

THREE'S a rat in the house!" exclaimed my relation.

"A family of mice, you mean," I said.

"Rats couldn't get in here."

"Well, come and see," was the answer.

She led the way into the kitchen. A newspaper thrown on to the floor was torn to shreds; soap and brushes were pushed out of the soap-box, and a large hole gnawed near a pipe in the floor indicated that the culprit had made his way up from the basement.

I bared the hole up. Two nights later the intruder had bitten his way through, eaten half a cake, upset a milk bottle, and nibbled Hitler's nose from a magazine.

The last item softened us, but there was only one thing to do, and the sooner the better, so rat poison went down on the shopping list.

On and off during the day we talked of the rat. It seemed a kind of presence in the house, and gave us a feeling of plague, the tingling feeling of disgust that one had for bluebottles and other scavengers.

Having bought the poison, I determined to do the job thoroughly. I put a piece in the soap dish, another bit on the table and floor, and a large piece by the pipe, and then shut up for the night.

The next morning there was the usual mess, but the poison was eaten, every bit of it.

"He must be feeling pretty seedy by now," I remarked as we had breakfast.

"Not he, he'd be dead long ago with all that inside him," was the comfortable reply.

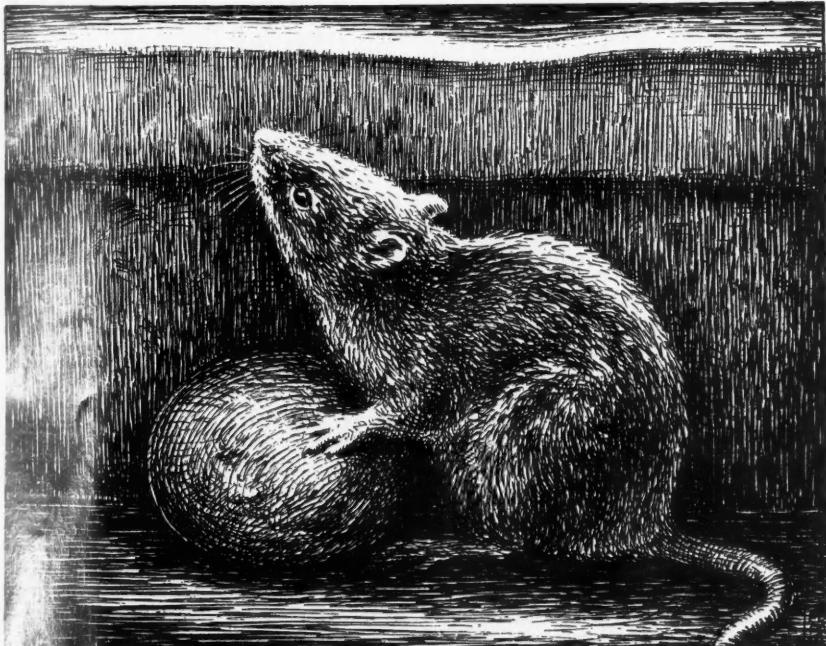
For two days nothing happened. And we had almost forgotten him when on the third day we came down to find a tin of oatmeal upset and powdered all over the place, and the soap tipped out as before.

We wondered why he was so fond of throwing out the soap, and still more that he had turned up again.

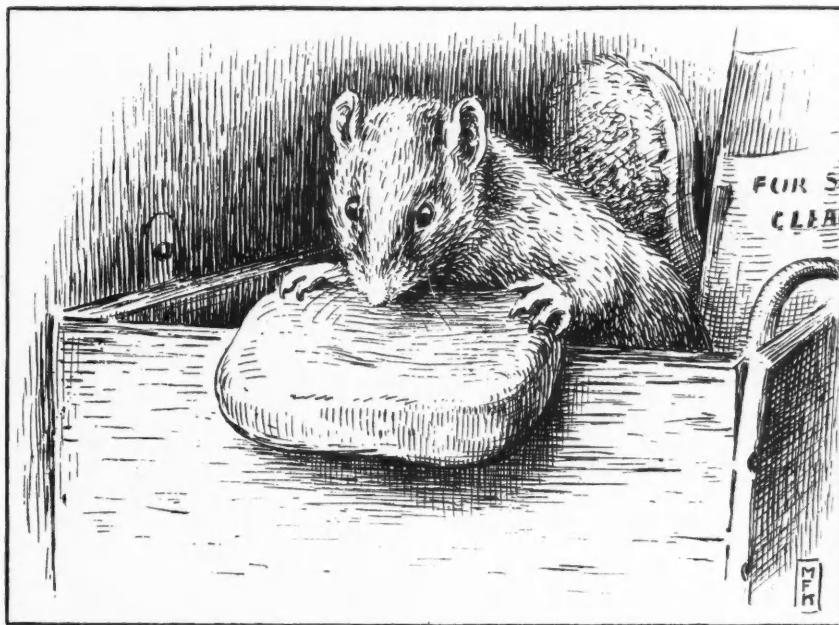
"Perhaps it's not the same rat," I said and put down more poison—in large lumps. That went too. And then my relation saw him. She saw him several times, in the hall and on the stairs. He realised very soon that she was afraid of him and would sit quite still while she sidled past, gingerly holding up her skirts and flattening herself to the wall.

"I hope he sits still when I see him," I said, and I left several sticks about in handy places.

We stopped putting poison about. "As a change of diet it suits him," said my relation: "he's as glossy as a corporation horse." Then one day she opened my door softly, tiptoed in, and whispered in my ear:



THERE, HALF-WAY DOWN THE STEPS, SAT THE RAT, HOLDING A FAT POTATO AND LOOKING BOLDLY UP AT ME



WE WONDERED WHY HE ALWAYS THREW THE SOAP FROM THE SOAP-BOX

"Quick! he's on the basement steps, rolling down potatoes!"

I hurried off, seizing a stick as I went. Cautiously I peered into the dark depths of the basement. Potatoes were everywhere, and there, half way down the steps, sat the rat, holding a fat King Edward and looking boldly up at me.

He slipped ahead as I ran after him and vanished under the wine-cellars door. As I slowly opened it and the light flooded in I saw him sitting in a corner, regarding me calmly with a not unfriendly air. It was evident that he had meant to make this place a store-cupboard, for already two or three potatoes had been rolled in.

It is very difficult to hit an animal looking brightly at you without a sign of aggressiveness,

and my hesitation saved him, for he suddenly dived between my feet and was gone.

"You must have been very slow," said my relation reproachfully; "a beautiful chance like that! And you've been giving him too much poison. It seems it acts as a tonic or something if they have more than the prescribed dose."

Certainly his energies were unimpaired, and he lost no opportunity to explore the house, though he showed more caution as regards meeting its occupants.

One night he hid in the hall, and later I was awakened by his games on the stairs; so long as we were well away he never bothered to be quiet. He was silent for a time, and then I heard him in the bedroom overhead.

I could scarcely believe that a rat could make such noises. They were remarkably like those commonly heard in a haunted house.

Anyone who has listened to the roll-out-the-barrel, push-round-the-furniture, shuffle-your-feet sounds made by an unhappy ghost will know what it sounded like.

The next morning we found the kitchen tidy and the soap in its box, but a piece of carpet the size of a small plate was missing on the stairs.

In desperation we borrowed a trap from Harry the handyman.

"There's one thing," I said. "Harry says that rats won't go in a trap unless there's stable litter in it covering the wire. In other words they smell a rat."

"I won't have litter brought in here," I was told. "You set the trap as it is."

So I baited it with a really ripe kipper's head and hoped for the best.

He was caught next morning. I found him in a wild temper, and he darted round the trap in a last effort to get out. Then suddenly, as if he realised his helplessness, he came over to my side and thrust his paws through, asking, just as a dog might, to be let out. I went round to the other side and he followed me, pleading, all fight gone.

"He looks most intelligent to me," I remarked to my relation. "Why, he's half tame already! and he really has a beautiful coat. . . . There's a cage upstairs—"

There was no answer, but the look that met mine sent me quickly from the kitchen, the trap dangling from my hand. It would be useless I knew to overcome such unscientific prejudice, but someone else would have to be the executioner.

"Well now," said Harry, taking the cage from me a little later. "So you've caught him already, and him as plump as a Christmas cockerel!" And, whistling like a blackbird, he swung off towards the water-butt.

BRITAIN'S OLDEST CRAFT

Written and Illustrated by M. WIGHT

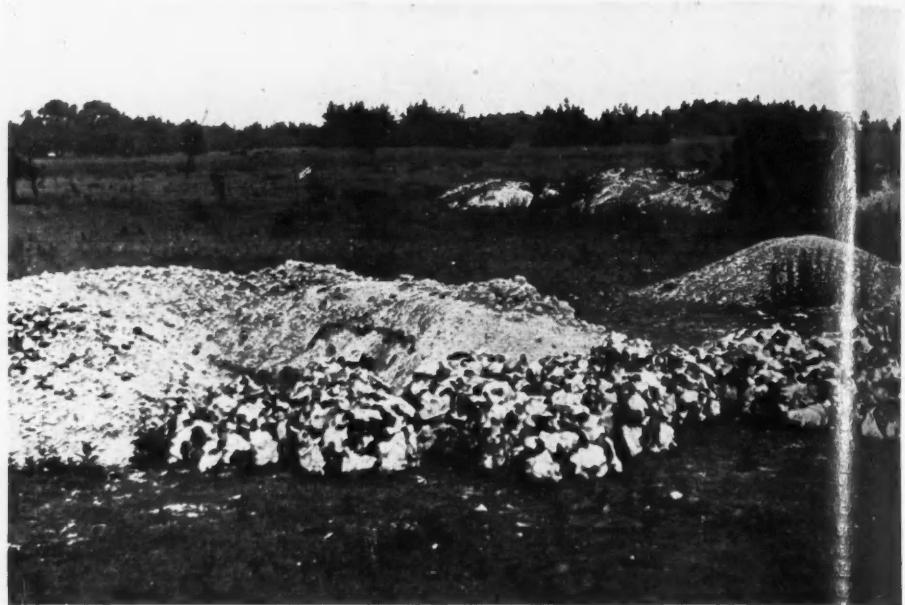
OUTSIDE various houses in the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, may be seen a notice to the effect that the oldest craft in the world may be found within. This is flint knapping, which is carried on there still in much the same way as in the Neolithic Age. There seems no reason to doubt that the craftsmen at present engaged in this little local industry are in direct succession to the men of the Stone Age, to whom the use of metals was unknown and whose methods of working the flint stone from which all their tools were fashioned so closely resemble those of to-day.

Even the tools now in use show a remarkable resemblance to those of prehistoric men: the one-sided pick with which the lumps of flint were mined from the chalk is strongly reminiscent of the deer's antlers with which the first miners worked, and until recently the hammer chiefly in use was a metal copy of the oval pebble which formed the first flaking hammer. To-day this is replaced by a hammer-head of French pattern: the French, too, have now adopted an ordinary two-tined pick.

Flint occurs over a considerable area in Britain, where the chalk rocks come to the surface. It has been worked within recent years at Beer Head in Devon. There seem to have been in ancient times, both near Brandon and in Sussex, considerable centres of the trade.

Another source of flint for tool-making was found at various points around the coast where flint pebbles could be found on the beach, washed out of the remains of old chalk cliffs perhaps from a great distance. Primitive men seem to have seized upon these in triumph and carried them up to their dwellings on top of the cliffs, there to fashion them at leisure into the tools and weapons that they needed. One sees traces of this industry in the little piles of flint chippings here and there on such places as St. David's Head and other cliffs around the Pembrokeshire coast.

From the first, however, the most extensive workings seem to have been in the Brandon district. Most famous of all are Grimes Graves, Weeting, three miles from Brandon, where over 100 prehistoric mines have been found. Some of these are now scheduled as ancient monuments, under the protection of the Ministry of Works. In one of these, when first examined, were found red deer antler picks left by some miner: these, with a model of the pit, can be seen in the British Museum.



PITS FROM WHICH FLINT IS MINED AT BRANDON

Similar workings are found on the Sussex Downs and in Wiltshire. Discoveries recently made on Easton Down seem to show that both mining and the production of finished tools went on there, piles of waste flint indicating an industry big enough to supply the needs of a considerable area.

Naturally the purposes for which flint has been required have changed enormously during the many centuries since it was discovered. Originally the only substance available for all the needs of man in the way of weapons and tools which needed a sharp point or a cutting edge, it now has uses which are necessarily very different and limited. Indeed for a long time flint was principally needed for striking fire or a light: it is only about 100 years since the invention of matches superseded the tinder-box with its flint from which to strike the kindling spark. Strange how the wheel has come full circle again with the modern petrol lighter striking a spark once more!

Besides the homely "strike-a-lights" there

was a steady demand, after the invention of gunpowder, for gun-flints. From 1686 to 1835, flint-lock muskets were used by the British Army, and in such times as the Napoleonic wars the Brandon knappers were working at high pressure to supply their needs. Some of these weapons are still in use among the natives of West Africa, the Gold Coast and, it is said, parts of China, and their needs have been supplied from Brandon. Hence the continued manufacture there of gun-flints.

Sixty years ago there were some 50 men engaged in the industry; to-day, there are not more than six, and it seems evident that it may die out, at any rate in its more skilled form.

The raw material is dug from Ling Heath, a large common a mile or so from Brandon. This is one man's monopoly now. He sinks his shafts much as his prehistoric forefathers did, cutting steps in the chalk walls of the pit by which to go up and down; no ropes or ladders are used.

Some veins of flint are of better quality than others. When a good band is struck, galleries are run out to follow it, and the nodules of flint are hacked out and carried up from step to step to the surface. They are piled around the pit until a cartload has been collected, known as a "jag," when it is taken into Brandon and sold to one of the knappers. Three jags a week is an average output, and the total for the year is not more than 50 tons. The price is now about 13s. for the cartload; the buyer pays the cartage and a small groundage to the owner of the land.

On delivery the lumps of flint are left to dry in the open for a time before use. The actual working involves three processes.

The first is quartering: this is squaring the flint into something like regular shapes, for the stone occurs in the most fantastic forms, impossible for anything useful without much trimming. The worker takes a lump, as much as a man can lift, and sets it on his knee. Considerable force is needed to hammer off the projections and still more skill to know just where to strike so as to leave the necessary square edges from which to produce even flakes.

The next process, flaking, with the same hammer, is the most skilled of all. This is the one process which is said to be better done to-day than by the men of the Stone Age. The



THE WORK OF "QUARTERING" FLINT INTO REGULAR SHAPES AND KNAPPING, OR TAPPING OUT FINISHED GUN-FLAKES



outer flakes which show any of the white coating are waste, but when they have all been struck off it is possible to produce with every stroke of the hammer a perfectly even flake about four inches long and an inch wide with a sharp edge that will cut like a knife. But to do this the stone has to be struck at one particular spot, at an exact angle, and with precisely the right amount of force. These factors vary of course with each blow, and as the blows are struck with only a few seconds between each, it may be imagined what skill, compacted of long practice and inherited tradition, is involved.

Lastly comes the actual knapping. For this the worker sits at a bench on top of which is fixed a bar of iron like a miniature anvil. Laying the flake upon this bar, he taps it into smaller pieces and rapidly finishes off the gun-flakes with a few more taps to give them a neatly finished edge. Then they are ready to be bagged for export.

The knapping operation is done so quickly that the eye can hardly follow the movements of the hammer. The gun-flakes are of more than one size, for the various kinds of musket and pistol. They are packed into bags of 200, or kegs holding 5,000. The making of these kegs gives employment to a cooper. The waste material, of which there is a great deal, goes to the local builders, for, in the chalk country, flint stone, worked or unworked, is the obvious material available for all kinds of building.

There is another method of working flint for which there is an occasional demand, and that is the production of small ornamental pieces shaped in squares, circles, hearts and so on, for use in the restoration of the old flint-built churches of the district. The mediæval builders achieved a very fine type of exterior decoration by setting shaped flints in mortar, and, although this is no longer done in building new churches, it occasionally has to be replaced.

One of the Brandon knappers shows remarkable skill in the manufacture of exact



A PREHISTORIC FLINT ARROW-HEAD. (Centre) A PREHISTORIC FLINT-MINER'S PICKAXE. (Right) A MODERN FLINT ARROW-HEAD

replicas of the arrow-heads and axes in use by prehistoric man, and it is almost impossible for any but an expert to detect the difference. These are now sometimes made for sale as curiosities, and on visiting Brandon in 1932 the writer was told that the only man who could make these to perfection kept the art to himself, and, as he was then an old man, it seems probable that this department at any rate cannot go on much longer.

But in the following year a Norfolk brewery company took steps to perpetuate at least the memory of the craft of flint knapping by renaming one of the Brandon inns, the old Eagle Tavern, as the Flint Knappers. They have incorporated a very fine old ceiling dating from about 1540, taken from a demolished house in Norwich, which, with the painted sign above the door, is a great attraction. The sign, painted on copper, is a copy of a picture in the publican's possession, representing his father, the late P. Edwards, at work flint knapping. He is shown in his workshop with the implements of his trade around him, knapping flints at the bench. The sign has a border representing the squared flints with which much building was formerly done.

Behind the inn one may still hope to find

a younger generation of knappers in the workshop; this family have been engaged in the craft for several centuries at least.

The most skilful knapper can turn out up to 400 finished gun-flints in an hour, but the average output is decidedly less. The price received does not make the trade a very profitable one, and there is no likelihood of improvement. The number of finished flints that can be made from one jag of stone varies greatly with the quality of the load, but as a rule not more than one-twelfth of the raw material survives in finished work; the rest goes away as waste. There is, fortunately, no danger of the supply running short.

It seems likely that the war will hasten the end of this craft: for one thing, export trade must have stopped. And it is hardly likely that such primitive weapons as those that need gun-flints are in use in the struggle, although they were in the hands of the Abyssinians in their war against the Italians. That war did create a trade boom in Brandon. Previously the last really big contract was for the Turkish Army in the Crimean War. In South Africa our troops also used Brandon flints, not for their weapons but as strike-a-lights, where the climate made the use of matches uncertain.



A PREHISTORIC FLINT-MINE SHAFT DURING EXCAVATION. (Right) THE SIGN OF THE FLINT KNAPPERS, THE RENAMED BRANDON INN. (Copyright: Bullard and Sons)



THE CHURCH, TUCKED UNDER THE HILL

DEAN PRIOR, DEVON

WHERE ROBERT HERRICK LIVED AND DIED

Described and Illustrated by JAMES THORPE



THE CHURCH TOWER

CONSIDERING its position on the main road between two such historic towns as Plymouth and Exeter, it is strange that so few records of the past history of Dean Prior have survived. There are, so far as I know, no prints, no engravings, and it seems to have escaped the notice of the writers of old guide-books. As the home and inspiration of the "greatest song-writer ever born of English race" it has (perhaps fortunately) received very little attention.

In the reign of Edward the Confessor the manor of Dena or Dene (a hollow between hills) belonged to Alwin, the King's Thane. When the *Domesday Book* survey was taken, it was held by four knights under William de Falesia (Falaise), who was succeeded soon after by the family of Fitz-Stephen. In the reign of Henry II William Fitz-Stephen gave the manor and church to the priory of Plympton, who held it until the dissolution of the priory by Henry VIII in 1539. This accounts for the second part of the name.

William Giles of Bowden, near Totnes, purchased the manor with the advowson of the church from the Crown, and his son, John Giles, late in the sixteenth century, built Dean Court as his manor house. John's son Edward, born at Totnes in 1566, became a man of so much importance that he was knighted in 1601 by James I, who in 1614 put into his hands full power over the county. He died in 1637 and was buried in Dean Church. Herrick was on terms of close friendship with the knight and his relatives, to whom several of his poems were addressed, and composed the epitaph which adorns the interesting memorial to Sir Edward and his lady in the south aisle of the church. Through Giles's sister the property came to the Yardes family, and in 1781 the heiress of the Yardes married Francis Buller, Justice of the King's Bench, who was created a baronet in the same year. His descendant, Sir John Yarde-Buller, was promoted to the House of Lords in 1858 as Baron Churston,

and Dean remains the property of the same family.

The parish is large, including about 4,165 acres, and is situated under the south-eastern edge of Dartmoor. In Herrick's time the population was more than 400 people, or twice the present number, engaged either in agriculture or in some branch, combering or weaving, of the woolen industry, established by the neighbouring monks of Buckfast.

The village consists of three hamlets, about three-quarters of a mile from one another, Dean, Dean Church-town and Dean Combe, lying in a deep valley between the steep slopes of Walla-

ford Down, a spur of the moor, and Bigadon Hill. It is a homely, smiling country of deep gullies, little hills, fertile water-meadows and thick patches of wood, gaining by contrast with the bare, rugged wildness of the presiding moor. The main road connects the first two hamlets through a pleasant avenue of chestnuts, which may have been originally the track from Dean Court to the church. In its present form this dates only from about 1830. The original road passed up through Dean, leaving Church-town half a mile to the east, with a connection by way of Church Lane. To avoid part of a steep hill a lower road was made about 1816, joining the former at the top by Fogin's Plantation.

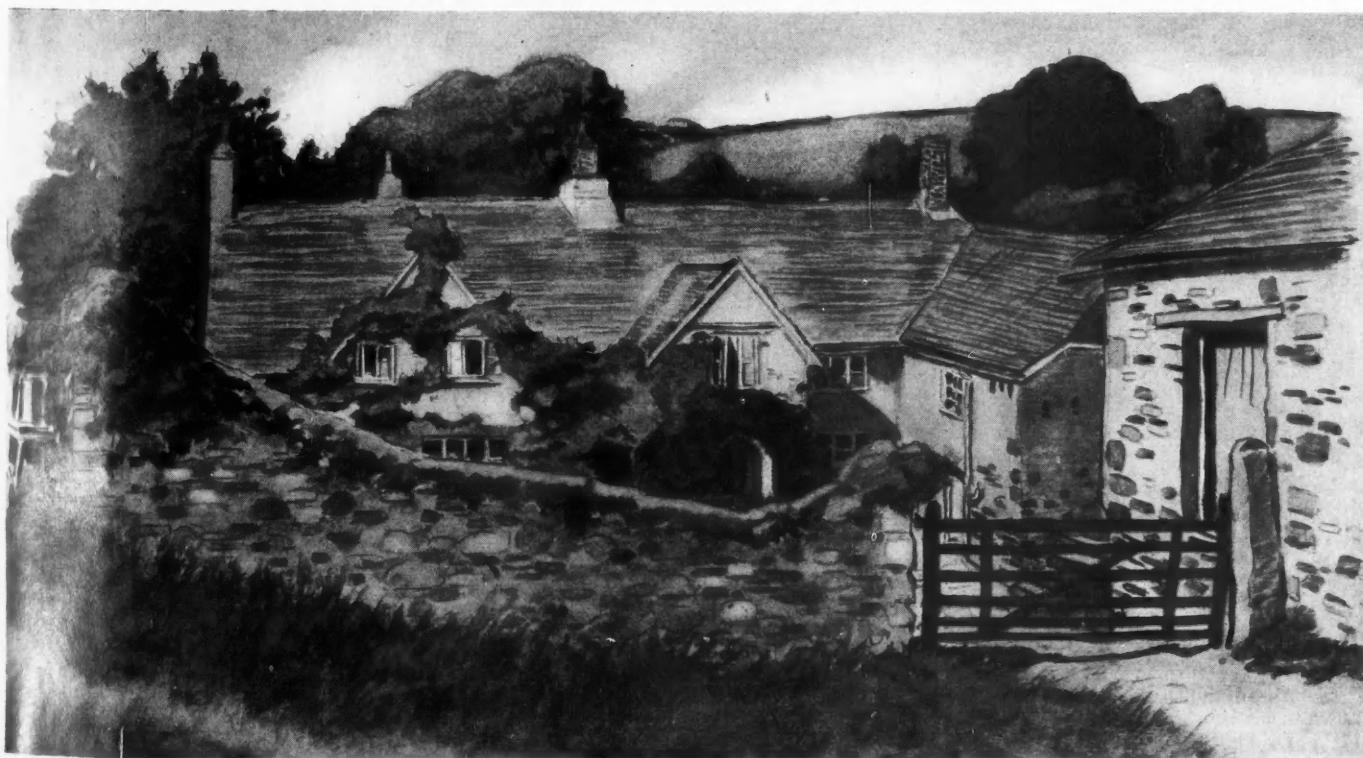
Narrow winding lanes, many originally pack-horse tracks, intersect the main roads and lead, past farm-houses and orchards, up to the slopes of Dartmoor, which extends for 20 miles northwards and westwards in much the same state as God made it. The banks and hedges, often 15 ft. high, which shut in these lanes are, between March and July, a tangle of ferns and wild flowers. Snowdrops, anemones, primroses, daffodils, bluebells, foxgloves and dozens of others appear in a sequence of gorgeous profusion, and in May the village, seen from the hills, seems to float in a lake of pink and white apple blossom. Then for a few weeks we are very near to Arcady. Everywhere are little rapid streams, and



MOORSHEAD. A FARM-HOUSE OLD IN HERRICK'S TIME



LOWER DEAN, BEFORE THE ROAD WAS WIDENED



ADDISLADE, AN ELIZABETHAN FARM-HOUSE



THE ELIZABETHAN SCREEN AT DEAN COURT

the pleasant murmur of running water is never far distant.

Despite the depredations of modern "progress," much of Dean remains as it was in Herrick's time, and the poet must have been difficult to please if he could not appreciate the idyllic beauty of his surroundings. Many of the cottages have changed little since, although old maps prove that some have disappeared, and in the last 40 years two at Church-town and one at Dean Combe have been allowed to fall. A row of five was destroyed by fire in 1926, and road-widening later called for the removal of five more. Of those remaining, some are very beautiful in their simple design and long swinging lines, with cob and stone walls 3 ft. thick, square, sturdy chimney-stacks from which rises the incense of wood-fire smoke, thatched roofs and deep-set doors and windows, some with old leaded lights. Even in this twentieth century we have had our own witch, who by prayers and incantations charmed away our ailments, and an old farmer who regarded railway trains as an invention of the devil and the source of much of our troubles. What would he have said of motor cars and aeroplanes, from which death saved him?

We have no "pub," no tea-shop, no garage; so that visitors are not encouraged. But we have a mason, a wheelwright, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a thatcher, all masters of their crafts, and a handy-man who can mend anything. Despite the fulsome promises of politicians, we have no electric supply or system of sanitation; but a spring of good water never fails us in the longest drought. Above all, even in these noisy, troublous times, despite the drone of aeroplanes overhead and the boom of distant guns, we enjoy a peace which passeth understanding.

Dean Wood—in local parlance "Daynood"—extends for two miles along the steep sides of the deep narrow gorge through which flows the Dean Bourn—Herrick's "rude river"—which rises on the moor near Hayford, leaps over two falls, and, after a course of about four miles, joins the Dart at Buckfastleigh. Richard Polwhele (1760-1838) wrote of this: "The vale of Dean-Burn unites the terrible and graceful in so striking a manner that to enter this recess hath the effect of enchantment; while enormous rocks seem to close around us, amidst the foliage of venerable trees and the roar of torrents. And Dean-Burn would yield a noble machinery for working on superstitious minds under the direction of the Druids." There is nothing known to justify the surmise of the workings of the Druids, although half way up the wood is a large flat rock which might have served as a sacrificial altar. The wood, which

harbours most of the surviving species of English wild life, is at all times of the year extremely beautiful, and until the war remained little known, undisturbed and quite unspoilt. Now, alas! the insatiable demand for pit-props has let loose a band of brigands, who are reducing it to the usual litter-strewn wilderness.

There are several old stone crosses in the parish, some of them early directing posts with the initials of the towns cut in the sides. Moor

Cross, near Dockwell, shows the roads to Ashburton, Totnes, Plymouth and Tavistock. On the moor, just inside the boundary of the Duchy of Cornwall estate, is Huntingdon Cross, which helped to mark the Abbot's Way between the abbeys of Buckfast and Tavistock. Most of the fields are small and divided by earth banks and high hedges or stone walls. Some of their names still in use are of more than local interest: Brim Park, Brimmy Down, Boar Down, Stray Park,

Warm Park, Furze Park, Conduit Park, Colly Park, Green Close, Graydons, Linhay Field and Windsor's Field. Miss Rose Macaulay, herself a descendant of the poet, has given a good description of the village and its poet-vicar in the first part of her novel *They Were Defeated* (1932).

Dean Court in its original state has been described as a handsome house, surrounded by a large park, but it has been very much altered and outwardly is very disappointing to-day. Its three storeys have been reduced to two, and the stone walls have been faced with cement, some of which has been recently removed, disclosing several old windows. The hall, with its raised dais and large open fireplace, remains, but was heightened by the removal of the old beams about 60 years ago. At its east end is the finest feature of the house, a beautifully carved screen, probably contemporary with the building, which unfortunately has been badly cut and too generously varnished. The arms on the west wall, encircled with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, are those of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, who was the Lord Steward of the borough of Totnes in Giles's time. Since the departure of the Yarde-Buller family, early in the nineteenth century, Dean Court has been used as a farm-house.

There are three other manor houses—Moreshead, Skerraton and Whiteoxen. The first is by far the oldest house in the parish and, although most of its former grandeur



THE ROSE AND CROWN THAT WAS



THE TOP OF THE VILLAGE



WHITE'S FARM, MOONLIGHT

has long since departed, there is much of the original stone building left. Unfortunately this is being allowed to fall into ruin. Some fine old linen-fold panelling and an oak screen were removed by Lord Churston to his residence at Lupton in 1878 and have since been destroyed by fire, and a stone entrance-gate has been demolished. An interesting history of the house and of the families of Furse and Moreshead, who lived there, was written by "Roberte Ffurse" in 1593 and still exists in manuscript. His tomb under a "blew stone" is in the church with that of his son John, who died in 1609.

The present building of Skerraton is a modern farm-house, but there is a legend that the manor once belonged to Sir William Tracey, who assisted at the murder of Thomas à Becket and later eased his conscience by building the church at Bovey Tracey. Whiteoxen stands below the main road at the extreme southern boundary of the parish and is also a farm-house. A plaster relief panel dated 1703 in one of the upper rooms is the only interesting relic of the past. Another old house was Reddacleave, but in the last 60 years this has been allowed to become a complete ruin; only the massive chimney-stack, containing three fireplaces, still stands defiant.

The parish church, dedicated to St. George the Martyr, stands a little way back from the main road, from which it is screened by a row of fir-trees. The intervening space was formerly filled by a church-house, built in 1514, where worshippers from a distance were entertained. This was still standing in 1850, when it was let for £4 10s. a year. The original church was probably built and endowed by the Fitz-Stephen family about the middle of the twelfth century. It was enlarged about 1830 and now consists of a chancel and nave, opening into north and south aisles by five arches, supported on octagonal monoliths, a south porch and the old tower containing six bells. At nine o'clock every Sunday morning one of them used to be rung to rouse the sluggard in time for service. The font of red sandstone is Saxon and in good condition, although it deserves a better cover.

kinsman William Perry-Herrick of Beau Manor Park. On January 3, 1926, a stained-glass window over the altar was dedicated to his memory by some lovers of the poet and his village. The church plate includes a set of pewter vessels, a paten on stand (*circa* 1680), a tankard-shaped flagon (1660-80) and an alms bowl (*circa* 1734); and, in silver, an Elizabethan chalice with cover (1576), a paten on stand (1719) and a Victorian flagon (1858). The church registers date to 1557.

Herrick's old vicarage, with its small parlour, hall and kitchen, still exists in altered form at the back of the more modern residence.

Here at Dean Prior Herrick spent 18 years from 1629 ministering to his "currish, churlish" parishioners, polishing and adding to his choice stock of verses. He was dispossessed of his living by the Puritans in 1647, when his place was taken by John Symes, a weaver of Buckfastleigh, and, returning to London, he published his poems in 1648. After the Restoration, despite his abuse of Dean and its people, he returned of his own free will in August, 1662, and, as the parish register simply states, "Robert Herrick, Vicker, was buried ye 15th day of October, 1674." No stone marks the spot where his ashes lie, nor can his "Holy-oke or Gospel-tree" be identified. Nowhere can the faithful pilgrim find his resting-place to obey his many injunctions to drop a tear or a blossom on his grave. Yet, standing in the vicarage garden under the shadow of his church tower, or walking through his ferny, flower-decked lanes, it is not difficult to realise that his spirit remains fragrant and pervading after 270 years.



DEAN AVENUE IN EARLY SPRING

RECONSTRUCTION: WHAT CAN BE DONE NOW

By NORMAN TIPTAFT, Ex-Lord Mayor of Birmingham

RECONSTRUCTION is to-day much in the same state as Civil Defence in 1937. Having been closely associated with preparations for both, I find the parallel striking.

In 1937, there was quite a lot of talk about Air Raid Precautions. When one tried to get something concrete done, neither the Central Government, which should have supplied the drive, nor the local authorities, whose duty it was to administer A.R.P. schemes, displayed anything more than academic interest.

A few of us, aware of what was happening on the other side of the Channel, were vigorous in demanding prompt measures, but until after Munich, with its hurried distribution of gas masks, we simply could not rouse either public or Government opinion to a realisation of the necessity for immediate action.

To-day, when we ask for a definite policy on reconstruction, we are reminded vociferously by people (often doing precious little to help it) that there's a war on. When we point out that some day the war will end, they say that then will be the time to consider reconstruction, but that for the present our entire energies must be directed toward victory.

If they are right, then there is no excuse for setting up Government departments to waste time by pretending to deal with reconstruction matters; nor is there the slightest need for the municipalities, who will be largely responsible for administration, to do anything. If the super-patriots, yelling so loudly that reconstruction must wait until the war is over, are correct in their contention, and if the apathetic Government departments set up to deal with its problems are right in their apathy, then there is nothing to be done but wait for the social and industrial chaos which will happen when peace arrives, and afterwards put up with muddle, waste and incompetence similar to that which took place after November 1918.

I speak, perhaps, somewhat bitterly on this subject, because I remember so well—as do

most other men of my age—all the talk during the last war about the land fit for heroes to live in, the new world from which poverty, unemployment, slums and all other social ills were to be banished; and I remember how the profiteers and the parasites flourished, and the men and women who had done the job and made the new world possible came back to find that their promised new world was just the old one somewhat worse.

In my own city of Birmingham, two years after "the war to end war" was concluded, we had some 90,000 unemployed. No preparations had been made to prevent us from having those unemployed. The City Council of that day, anxious to do what it could, started relief schemes of public works. It took people used to skilled trades like jewellery and found them jobs making roads. It did its best. All the work a local public authority could put in hand was work of this type. When it had done all it could with the facilities it had, it found employment for fewer than 5,000 people. The remaining 85,000 were left to the tender care of the Labour Exchanges and the Public Assistance Authority.

What happened in Birmingham happened in greater or lesser degree elsewhere. At a time when the populations of the whole world were crying out for goods, when one-third of the people of our own country were living in slums, building operatives were unemployed, engineers out of jobs. The productive machinery of the country, instead of working at breakneck speed to repair the ravages of war, was on short time.

That was only just over 20 years ago, and some of us have not forgotten. Eighteen months since in my own city (and our example has now been copied by many others) a Reconstruction Committee was set up. Its members have worked hard to provide first against the outstanding menace of the last post-war period, unemployment, and secondly, by taking advantage of the damage caused through air raids to plan the better Birmingham of the future. So far, apart from focusing public attention on the need to prepare for peace sooner than we

did last time, the Committee—in common with similar committees up and down the country—has achieved in concrete results very little indeed. That is due, not to the fact that the municipality does not know what it wants. It knows most of the things it wants very well. It does not know:

- (1) On the physical side, what powers it will have to control its available land.
- (2) On what basis the finance for creating the new Birmingham, as part of the New Britain, will be provided.
- (3) What is the over-riding Central Government plan, into which (we are told) the schemes of local authorities will have to fit.

We have had three and three-quarter years of war. At least, it is nearer its end by those three and three-quarter years than it was in September, 1939. If peace were declared tomorrow morning, we should be as unprepared for it as we were unprepared for war in 1939.

There may have been some slight excuse—although none of us familiar with affairs on the Continent would admit even that—for the Government's utter failure to be ready for war, because they could always argue that war was not inevitable. There can be no similar excuse for failure to be ready for peace, because we know that peace must eventually come.

It is argued by the obscurantists that we don't know what conditions will be like when peace arrives, and therefore it is impossible to prepare. We are told that the financial position of the country (for example) may not permit reconstruction on the lines that are desirable. No one expects an absolute blue-print of the post-war world, before the war is over. No one expects the Government to tell local authorities to the last farthing how much it will provide by way of financial assistance or how in every detail it will expect local authorities to administer it.

We are, however, entitled to expect the essential information, which will enable us to carry out the slogan of a former Minister, Lord Reith, to "plan boldly for the New World."

Unless we can know the financial methods to be applied, and unless we know what powers we are to have over the country's land, such planning is utterly impossible. I have interviewed several Ministers, but as far as getting any definite decisions are concerned I have received none. That again is a striking similarity to what we had to put up with in the early days of civil defence.

What constructive post-war legislation has yet been introduced by His Majesty's Government? Even the present feeble Planning Bill is merely negative in character. It simply prevents people from doing things which may be bad. It doesn't say how they shall do the things which will be good.

Personally, I believe that a good deal of this is due to the fact that during a war incompetents in office can get away with almost anything. Members of Parliament, who in peacetime would not hesitate to attack the Government, and if necessary vote against it, are scared stiff to say or do anything which at some future election might be considered as having hampered the war effort.

The House of Commons,



PART OF A BIRMINGHAM REHOUSING SCHEME. ST. MARTIN'S FLATS, BUILT 1938-39, ON A FORMER SLUM AREA

Grey Warnum and Anthony Tripe, Architects. From *When We Build Again* (George Allen and Unwin, 1941)



ANOTHER RECENT BIRMINGHAM RECONSTRUCTION
Maisonettes round a central garden erected by the Corporation
(From *When We Build Again*)

apart from a few outstanding personalities, is composed mainly of yes-men. I do not say that the yes-men are not conscientious in saying yes, but this government by coalition, where all parties are on their best behaviour to one another, does not, in practice, result in as much progress as when a government is subject to fierce and critical opposition if it fails to deliver the goods.

An attack to-day on an incompetent Minister is regarded as an attack on the Government as a whole, and often construed as an attempt to sabotage the war effort. The most the average M.P. is prepared to do is to put a question in the House, and (as one of them said the other day) if the answer is not satisfactory, Democracy can only be safeguarded by putting another. Everybody appreciates the restrictions under which Members of Parliament at present undoubtedly work. At the same time, if we are to be prepared for post-war problems, it is no use deferring blindly to Ministers' opinions, nor even to Government susceptibilities.

The Cabinet which set up these Ministers to deal with reconstruction, and not merely to talk about it, could sack them and tell the country that, however vital reconstruction problems may be, we simply have not the brain power available to tackle them at present, and therefore the future will have to look after itself. Such a decision would at least end the uncertainty under which we at present suffer. If the Government is not prepared to do that, then it should say definitely that reconstruction ranks for consideration almost as urgently as the war itself. That it is, in fact, a part of the war effort, and that those Ministers dealing with it should make up their minds and give their decisions.

It is simply untrue to say that decisions on certain matters cannot be given because we do not know what is going to happen. Even the Thwait Committee stated in their report that if it were not for causing a certain amount of trouble, "the logical way" to deal with the control and development of land would be to nationalise it.

If that is the logical method, and therefore presumably the best, then Ministers

responsible for post-war development should be prepared to face any trouble that may arise, and get on with the job.

The same applies to finance. There are various unorthodox suggestions, particularly on the use of public credit, which may (or may not) be practicable. It is the business of the Government departments responsible at least to investigate these suggestions and make up their minds whether any of them can be used.

There are, however, two orthodox methods which have been repeatedly employed in the past, and on which no difference of opinion exists as to their practicability:

- (a) Money can be lent to local authorities at low rates of interest, either for specific purposes or for general development.
- (b) Grants in aid can be given on the same lines, but on a much more generous scale than in the past.

The Government could, if it would, say immediately which of these methods it is prepared to use, or whether both of them. It could state the terms on which local authorities

could be empowered to do the necessary street widenings to prepare for post-war traffic. It could state the grant which would be given for the building of new houses. It could say how much it would be prepared to provide for various social services.

When one considers the slowness of Government decisions in so many departments, the query inevitably arises as to how far is it due to the fact that this Parliament was elected in 1935? Are a number of its members fossilised? Would a new Parliament be likely to act with greater vigour?

Personally, I believe that America, in deciding to hold an election even in war-time, is wise. Our present Parliament has a large number of its most vigorous members away serving with the Forces. Many of those who remain are not impressed with the desirability of doing anything so far as post-war reconstruction is concerned. True, the Conservative Party Conference recently passed a pious resolution that it is desirable to have younger members, and said that candidates should be selected on account of their courage and ability, instead of their financial position. One remembers previous resolutions of a similar kind that have so far been but little implemented.

It all comes back to the old dictum: "We get the Government we deserve." As long as the people of this country are more interested in football than in reconstruction, in picture palaces and dancing rather than in effective local and national administration, so long shall we get good sport and amusements, but poor politics and incompetent administration. The B.B.C. might, if it were not so completely Government-controlled, do much useful work in propaganda towards that end, but as nothing of a provocative nature is encouraged, its efforts so far have been feeble.

There remains the Press. All it can do is to demand and keep on demanding that without any diminution of the war effort, reconstruction at least shall be prepared for now, while we have the opportunity, in order that the failure and disappointments after the last war shall not be repeated.

AND THAT WAS THAT

By CHARLES KENNARD

In the piping times of peace, the missing of a January cock pheasant was not a serious matter even on a small rough shoot such as mine, but a cock pheasant in January, 1943, was a different matter altogether. With the knowledge that one's meat ration was finished the day after it arrived and that the annual or monthly egg (I have forgotten which it is) had been dropped on the kitchen floor, the killing of one of the few remaining cocks became a major operation and one to be tackled with infinite caution. As we all know, a cock pheasant's intelligence and cunning greatly exceed those of the average human being and certainly would make rings round the B.B.C. Brains Trust.

One day in the middle of January, I caught a bus, my car being laid up, which took me and my dog to within about two miles of the shoot. It was impossible to get any sort of beater, and I had to evolve some plan of action. The ground consists chiefly of large orchards enclosed by 4-ft. wire netting with barbed wire on top of it; but there were two small fields of Brussels sprouts among the orchards, and it seemed probable that if I zig-zagged about among the fruit trees all round the sprout fields a few cocks might run forward and give me a chance.

For about two hours therefore I walked round and about the first field, seeing several hens and two or three cocks, out of shot or on the other side of dense fruit trees. However, most of them seemed to go in the right direction and I softly and hopefully stepped into the sprouts. Three cocks immediately got up at the far end, quite 150 yds. away, and though I walked every yard of the field, I saw nothing

but hens, which I was leaving for breeding stock.

Precisely the same thing happened in the second field, but I marked one cock down, which flew to the marsh on my right and pitched in a small patch of reeds. There was a hole in the wire through which I managed to crawl after taking the cartridges out of my gun, and a cock pheasant got up under my nose out of the ditch on the other side of the wire, before I was on my feet. So that was that. Still I felt pretty sure that the cock I had marked was certain to sit tight. So he did, only I had forgotten to reload! My old dog looked at me and I looked at him. I didn't hear what he said, but I bet he heard me.

By now it was about three o'clock and I was hungry and very thirsty, but I found I had forgotten to bring any lunch or a flask, and that again was that. There was, however, still a chance before catching the 4.30 bus back; but it meant walking an immense field of kale at the far end of my ground. The beastly stuff was as high as my shoulders and dripping wet, but there were always birds in it, even if it was difficult to get them to rise. It really wanted an army of beaters and guns, but I was determined not to go home with an empty bag and it was my last chance.

I was drenched before I had gone 10 yds., but I stuck to it, zig-zagging to and fro towards a corner of that interminable field, and at last a cock rose and I made no mistake. Thoroughly tired and wet to the skin, I just lasted out the two miles to the bus and home, threw the cock down outside the kitchen door, whence it was swiftly removed by a cat; and that again was that. Most elusive birds these January cocks!

MY LAST BEAR

By EDITH COUNTESS SOLLOHUB

SPRING 1916. Spring on the calendar, April 10, but severe winter weather outside; masses of snow after days of gales, snowfalls and snowdrifts. An exhausting winter too with war news none too good, with nerve-strain growing, with daily increasing difficulties in the economic conditions of life. Worst of all, perhaps, the growing inner dissatisfaction throughout the country and the semi-conscious apprehension of some approaching disaster. It seemed that the dark winter could not leave us, that spring could not break the spell and cheer us.

The depressing atmosphere of town—Petrograd—had been too much for me and I was glad that I had to leave it again in order to see to the management of our estate some 40 miles south of the town. My husband being in the Army, the agent and several of the foresters having been called up, it had been my task since the very outbreak of the war to manage the much-loved forest estate, and the task—although an arduous one—had given me much joy and had helped me over the worries and anxieties for those at the front. It had given me plenty of opportunities, too, to hunt and track game, to learn to love and understand our northern nature. The forests were without end, one great mass of forest land with large stretches of bogs and moors, with narrow bands of meadows along rivers and brooks, with small villages—lonely on their open glades turned into fields.

I had tracked lynx and elk, made attempts at tracking wolves which were scarce in these parts, and spent hours skiing after deer and hares. But I had never had the opportunity of tracking a bear—perhaps I would not have ventured to do it, as a bear is rare, a “kingly game” in these parts, and I never had too much self-confidence or faith in my skill. What would my husband have said if I had tracked a bear the wrong way, tracked him over our boundary, to be shot by someone in the Imperial Hunt which adjoined us on three sides? I do not think that I would ever have been forgiven, and this mistake would certainly have weighed heavily on me—heavily as such mistakes can weigh only on someone who is still pretty young.

These thoughts of bears were occupying me that evening as I drove home from a concert through the brightly lit streets of Petrograd, noiseless with the deep carpet of snow and swiftly passing sledges. In fact, three days previously, before the last snowfall, a large bear had been sighted approaching our boundary, even making a “loop” into our grounds but finally walking out of them. This was the report Ivan Ivanovich, our oldest gamekeeper, had given me just as I was leaving the country to bring my children to town for the coming Easter holidays.

I could not delay the departure, as all preparations had been made—nurses, governesses, little boys, were all dressed in their fur coats waiting excitedly to get into the sledges. Much to my disappointment I had to carry on my part of good mother and head of the family and had to push into another corner of my own self the evident desire to stay on and to follow to-morrow the movements of the bear, on which Ivan Ivanovich would keep an eye. Bad luck, I thought more than once during these last three days, especially as the newly fallen snow was sure to have blurred and destroyed all possible tracks.

Good news, however, awaited me at home. Sidor, the head gamekeeper, had come from the country an hour before to say that the bear had been tracked in one of the good beats. The animal was apparently restless, having been roused too soon out of his winter sleep and was wandering about the country. No time could be lost and we had to “take him” to-morrow, if at all.

According to Ivan Ivanovich, who had tracked the bear, the animal must be a very large one, though not fat. This last statement amused me, and Sidor explained that the footprints were those of a large bear in size but their imprint on the fresh snow did not reach as deep as they should have done, and the

animal seemed to “skim” the surface. The more reason to hurry, as the bear might not be interested in staying long in the beat, although the place should suit him—according to Sidor’s idea of a bear’s taste.

The beat was large, with dense thicket all along the line where the animal would be sure to go. This meant that one gun, myself alone, would not be sufficient to guard this line.

My thoughts immediately turned to two men who were keen sportsmen and had asked me more than once to let them try their luck at a bear hunt. An hour later everything had been fixed and Sidor left by the last night train. Ivan Ivanovich was to check up at dawn on the whereabouts of the bear and to see about beaters and gamekeepers being on the spot for our arrival at noon. We were to be two stands but three guns. One was the Japanese Ambassador, who had known me since my childhood and whom I had to invite once. The other gun was an old friend, a Polish member of the State Council, Mr. D., a good shot and an experienced huntsman who had asked to come as a second gun on my stand, being keener on the sight than on a shot.

Thus, by noon the next day, we were all on the spot, a bit stiff after the very long drive

skis which a gamekeeper was trying to fix to his felt boots. The beaters crowding round us were gaping open-mouthed at the strange figure, and they even forgot their usual jokes and giggles as they whispered remarks to one another, puzzled about the dark-complexioned visitor.

Finally, two sturdy old beaters had to take the Ambassador under the elbows and, wading themselves through the deep snow, they half supported, half carried, him up to the stand where he was safely deposited behind small firs with the old Mr. K. towering behind him. They had drawn No. 1 stand—much to the distress of Ivan Ivanovich who came up to me his cap pushed over his eyebrows, scratching vigorously behind his right ear—a sure sign of worry with him.

“Too bad they have stand No. 1; the bear is sure to go that way, I am positive . . . well, something will have to be done,” he muttered. I pretended I had not heard the last words, for I guessed what the “something” would be and could not very well sanction it—being the hostess.

Noiselessly we approached stand No. 2; the men continued their way. The flags were there already—I could see them in the distance where Ivan Ivanovich had placed them in the early



“HE IS A BEAUTY—THE BEST YOU HAVE EVER GOT, AND A CLEAN SHOT.”

huddled in furs and unable to move in the felt-lined sledges with heavy fur rugs. On the way we had picked up another “second gun” to stand with the Japanese Ambassador. It was our dear old friend and neighbour, Mr. K., the head forester of the Imperial Hunt, a keen lover of forests and—a poor shot. I suspected that he wanted to come in order to try out on the Japanese his knowledge of French and English, which he had learnt all by himself without ever having heard a Frenchman or an Englishman speak their language and which he, therefore, conscientiously pronounced on the basis of the Latin alphabet. His English was especially original and had given me a moment of consternation when he had first tried it on me with a poem of Byron.

The long fur coats had to be abandoned in the sledges, as we had to ski to the stands. Mr. K. struggled into a kind of large nightshirt pulled over his brown shooting coat, making remarks in supposedly French or English about his unwieldy figure and his difficulty in moving on skis. The Japanese Ambassador, very small and very round, especially when hidden in his thick furs, was eyeing with terror the pair of

morning. We had to wait now for the flankers to take up position, as beaters should not be posted in advance since the least noise would rouse the bear and the strong smell of the beaters’ sheepskin coats might make him suspicious.

The edge of the thicket was to my left; sparse firs, young aspens, tall birches and groups of mixed underwood stretched out in front of us. It had been decided that I would shoot first and Mr. D. would be ready to step in should I miss. The first blank shots—and the drive began, so distant, muffled in the snow-laden atmosphere, so familiar yet always exciting. As the noise came nearer, I realised that it was much louder and clearer on the left and barely distinguishable on the right flank. Something must have gone wrong—and I suddenly remembered the “something” of Ivan Ivanovich and could not refrain from smiling as I visualised him now leading his right flank, his wrinkled face with a worried expression, whistling low signals to keep his men back, hissing to the nearest his orders not to shout. The result of his tactics was soon apparent—first a slight crackling of branches, the dull sound of falling

clumps of snow from bent bushes, then right in front of us the glimpse of a dark figure among the bushes.

The bear with his rolling trot, broken by jerks and bounds as he made his way between rotten trunks of trees and clumps of willow bushes, could be clearly seen now. He was making straight for us; my gun lay ready on my arm. It was a large bear, for in spite of the deep snow he was looming well above the surface, a compact dark mass, the neck stretched out, the black nose slightly turned up, the ears two black tufts on the somewhat lighter head. He looked preoccupied, very busy in choosing the right way. Once or twice he cast a quick glance over his right shoulder—evidently the shots and the shouts coming from that direction annoyed him. Mr. D. touched me gently on the shoulder—should I shoot? No, never shoot *de face*—this was my husband's invariable injunction, and experience had shown me that in the case of big game the rule was good.

Still, I began to doubt as the bear came nearer and I could see even his small restless eyes. He came closer still; was it ten, perhaps eight yards? I lifted my gun and fired, aiming

at the root of the neck. The kick of my husband's heavy double-barrelled rifle sent me stumbling backwards as I suddenly saw the huge figure of the bear balancing on his hind legs, swaying, rising and swinging forward to fall at our feet with a growl. Another shot—Mr. D.'s—and all was quiet. Guns in hand we stood ready to shoot again, but the big heavy body only twitched, the head dug into the snow. How glad I was not to see his eyes—those little yellow eyes which looked so fiercely at me a second ago somewhere high above me.

"You waited a little too long," said Mr. D. with a smile; "it might have been rather unpleasant."

Upon closer examination of the bear it was found that my bullet had cut the arteries of the throat and the bullet of Mr. D.'s lighter rifle had broken the forearm of the right paw as the bear stood on his haunches. Apparently mortally wounded, the animal had made one last effort to hurl himself against the enemy and had collapsed in the effort. He was a magnificent beast weighing 480 lb.

Among the beaters was our foreman, the Tartar Izmail, whose hobby was photography.

He carried his large camera with him wherever he could and he now fetched it from the sledges. We laughed at the time at his zeal and energy, but to-day I am glad that he succeeded in taking this photograph which turned out to be the last one taken of a bear hunt at home and one of the very few remaining in my possession.

How happy Ivan Ivanovich was at the outcome of the hunt! He had pressed my shoulder and in his quick whisper, with so many colourful local expressions, had told me as we were walking back to the sledges: "It is good that you took the bear. I could not think of that little yellow gentleman having him. My dreams and my 'fortune' had warned me of great difficulties but had also told me that the bear would come out where I wanted him to. . . . The men could not understand why I delayed and kept them back—it was a difficult beat—the bear wanted to go left. He is a beauty—the best you have ever got, and a clean shot."

I was glad and happy in Ivan Ivanovich's praise, and little did I think that this would be my last bear and my last bear hunt at home.

THE FEEL OF THE SHOT

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I HAVE been reading with a great deal of pleasure Mr. Robertson-Glasgow's *Cricket Prints* and came across one passage which reminded me poignantly of my own—and, I am sure, many other golfers'—weaknesses for playing brilliant rounds in my head. He tells of some wonderful imaginary bowling of his own (he has done much good bowling in fact); of how he begins with a wide long hop, "but before the silence of derision has died down I have sent Hobbs's bails whistling past the wicket-keeper, 1-0-0. That just for a start." Then Hammond after a solitary four is l.b.w. and "Woolley caught and bowled low with the left hand," and so on in an ever-rising splendour of fancy till in a few overs the whole of this tremendous eleven is, like the Assyrian in the poem, "withered and strown."

The kingdom of the might-have-been makes a very pretty playground now and then, and though I naturally play golf there rather than cricket, I have just one cricketing vision of what I believe to have been the one rather good ball I ever bowled in the course of an inglorious career. I can see it all quite clearly; I know who the batsman was, from which end I bowled and even which action I that day affected, since I suppose cricketers have their new actions as golfers have their new swings. The ball was—for me—a fast one and of a good length; it broke back viciously and let me add, quite fortuitously; the batsman, a competent player, was all abroad and then—the ball passed over the top of the middle stump by the distance of a millimetre. The great effort had been wasted and I never bowled such a ball again, but I am still convinced in the recesses of my heart that it was a good one.

* * *

It occurs to me that here golfers are, in their day-dreams, better off than cricketers. It is true that, in the heat of the moment, we are apt to say that "the finest shot that ever was hit" was most unjustly caught in a bunker; but later we grow calm and admit that the shot may have had its imperfections. The shots we remember with a perennial glow are not those that went into bunkers but went on to the green. There may it is true be bitterness in the cup of memory, since we took three putts or the other fellow holed a niblick shot. I, for instance, recall most vividly a cleek shot that I played in a—to me—vital match over 30 years ago. It ended some 6 or 8 ft. from the hole; my enemy was far away at the end of the green, having already played the odd, and he holed that vast putt; I missed mine and only got half after all; it was very bitter, but the memory of that cleek shot remains to me still clear and beautiful.

Of shots such as that, not only the memory remains after many years, but the actual sensation of playing them. "I feel a feeling that I

feel you all feel" is a sentence in a sermon attributed to a late, eloquent bishop; and similarly I feel that all golfers can for ever feel that feeling of just a few happy-starred shots. I hope that anyone who reads this may instantly forget all about me and my tiresome cleek shot and lose himself for a moment in a delicious dream of his own far better ones, recalling how perfect was his footwork, how free his follow-through and how he stood—poised like Harry Vardon himself—watching the ball in the lovely arc of its flight.

* * *

It would seem at first sight as if this power of recalling the very sensation of the shot ought to help us, but I rather doubt if it does. Danger lurks in imitating ourselves. I can for instance recall a certain long mashie shot up to the corner of the Dyke at St. Andrews, when I exclaimed in an agitated voice to my caddie "Where is it?" to be told reassuringly that it was near the hole. So it was and no doubt I had kept my eye very successfully on the ball, but if I were to try to recapture that feeling I should make such frantic efforts to look at the ball and get my muscles into such a state of tension that the sequel would be wholly deplorable. There was another stroke, a spoon shot up to the Lake green at Hoylake, in a championship. When I remember it I feel my feet glued to the ground with a rock-like firmness that J. H. Taylor himself could hardly excel; but if I try to do it again my feet may be as still as need be, but my club will, as likely as not, fail to come through. The fact is, I think, that two equally good shots may be remembered by two perfectly different feelings and then which is one to choose for imitation?

I might go on to all eternity with these egotistical memories, but I magnanimously refrain. Let us rather consider together the great shots of great men of which we should like to recapture the sensation if by some magic we could for a moment stand in their shoes. I believe that no golfer had a more vivid sensuous enjoyment of the playing of a good shot than had Harry Vardon, and that though he must have experienced it so many, many times. "The man," he once wrote, "who has never stood upon the tee with a keen rival near him and driven a perfect ball, the hands having followed well through and finished nicely up against the head, while the little white speck in the distance, after skimming the earth for a time, rises and soars upwards, clearing all obstacles, and seeming to revel in its freedom and speed until at last it dips gracefully back to the turf again—I say that the man who has not done this has missed one of the joys of life." There is the enthusiasm of the artist who never got tired of his art. His hands always did "follow well through and finish nicely up against the head"; he finished more strokes in exactly

the same way, and that the perfect way, than any golfer I ever saw, and yet each time he did it the feel of it was a new joy to him. It would be pleasant to enjoy it for just one fleeting second, but how impossible!

Let me think of a few other such feelings that I should like to experience—I should like to feel like Francis Ouimet as he strikes his putt on the seventeenth green at Brookline (the putt that enabled him to tie with Vardon and Ray) and sees the ball taking the curve from the right to fall plump into the middle of the hole. There never could have been a putt more ideally struck and it must have had a very special little feeling of its own. So must Bobby Jones's iron shot out of the bunker at the seventeenth hole at St. Annes, which won him the Open Championship and killed poor Al Watrous stone dead. I hope for his sake he can remember quite clearly the exquisite instant.

* * *

As to J. H. I have no doubt at all. I should like to feel as he did in playing a certain cleek shot up to the Briars green at Hoylake in 1913, a shot I have already too often described, bang up to the pin through a storm of rain and wind. There is just such a storm breaking against my window which brings the scene back to me more vividly even than usual. The memory of that stroke must surely restore to its author a god-like sensation of defiance of all the forces of nature. Harold Hilton must have had many such feelings stored in his mind from Hoylake, and one I think he must particularly have cherished was of his brassie shot up to the home hole in the last round of the Open Championship he won there. He doubted whether he could make the carry over the cross bunker, and then, noticing that the wind had shifted a little since the morning, decided "to have a go." The spectators began to cheer the moment the ball was struck, and perfectly struck, but he himself knew it must be a near thing and gave a sigh of relief as he saw the ball pitch over that dreaded trench-like bunker. He must always have been able to bring that shot back to mind with the hands flung right through and the hips turned a little more than usual in prayerful hope.

As for James Braid, I fancy that many of us would like to experience just for one moment his feeling in playing what his admirers used to call his "dunch" shot with an iron. It would give us an almost inebriating knowledge of what is meant by the word "power" such as we have never had and assuredly never shall. The wind and the rain are still attacking my window and suggest that Cotton must like to recall some of the strokes he played in his last round at Carnoustie on just such a day. For myself the memories of that day are rather those of water squelching in my shoes and running down a gap at the back of my neck, and I "envy him the luxury of his own feelings."

CORRESPONDENCE



THE TWO CLERKS AND
See letter "An Interesting Carving"

A HOUSING SUGGESTION

SIR.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has made a housing suggestion which I would venture to pass on for the consideration of the many members of local authorities who are readers of COUNTRY LIFE.

In an address to my Council, Dr. William Temple urged the provision in all new houses of built-in bookshelves. It will not be necessary to give rows of figures to indicate how colossal must be the number of books now awaiting shelf room: nor need one decry the pictures, the dogs, the wireless or any other form of mass amusement to suggest that the astonishing increase in reading is one of the hopeful facts of these days.

The reader is an individualist, and, as Mr. Churchill has said, "books in all their variety offer the means whereby civilisation may be carried triumphantly forward"—an argument which the Nazis once clinched by making a bonfire of all the books of which they were afraid.

I would therefore appeal to members of local authorities to see to it that built-in bookshelves are a feature of their new houses. The cost would be negligible: the gain cannot be measured.—MAURICE MARSTON, Secretary, National Book Council, 3, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

THE CASE FOR PASTEURISATION

SIR.—In COUNTRY LIFE of May 28 there is an article by Professor Lawrence Garrod, *The Opposition to Pasteurisation*.

The writer omits to mention whether or not bovine tuberculosis bacilli are killed by pasteurisation.

As this is the important question for those responsible for the upbringing of children perhaps he will be good enough to make this clear.—H. G. ROBINSON, Cole, Westbury on Trym, Bristol.

[Professor Garrod states that all the bacilli mentioned in his article are destroyed by pasteurisation.—ED.]

SIR.—I should like to put one straight question to Professor Garrod. In how many cases in the last 10 years has the germ of contagious abortion been proved to be the cause of prolonged fever in human beings?

Professor Garrod ignores a considerable body of public opinion in omitting from his classes of opponents the fourth class. This includes all those who remember the Boric Acid-Dairy Interests-Refrigerator group campaign, and others which followed it.

This class will tend to disappear when for once a case arises in which "scientific" opinion in a matter in which legislation is called for is found to be adverse to big business. It might vanish altogether if the honest analyst who knows something about milk would refrain, when pressed on the subject of pasteurisation, from shaking his

head and muttering what sounds like "putting dirty milk on the market." —D. MACLEOD, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

[Professor Garrod replies: "This disease is not notifiable, and there are therefore no such data. In the practice of any large hospital there are usually several cases per annum, proved by finding the germ of contagious abortion in the patient's blood."—ED.]

AN INTERESTING CARVING

SIR.—I am sending you two photographs of an interesting carving which is in my possession, dating from the fifteenth century. As to the subject, a devil seems to have snatched away the book of two clerks. One supposes that it may have formed some part of stalls in a church.

I cannot make anything of the legend on the seal, which can be seen immediately under the chest, apart from the central IHS.—LESLIE WM. BAYLEY, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

[Mr. R. W. Symonds, whom we asked if he could throw any light on the chest or coffer that appears to be represented, writes: "It is puzzling that the devil actually does not appear to have seized the clerks' book. An alternative explanation may be that the two clerks are studying, not a book, but counter or counter-table, which in mediæval times was used for reckoning money and casting up accounts by means of counters on a board drafted into squares. The devil is behind, tempting them to some defalcation of their accounts. Counters, or counter-boards, are not infrequent items in 14th-, 15th- and 16th-century inventories and sometimes formed the top of a chest—1452, 'j counter cum cista vijs.'"—ED.]

A RARE LECTERN

SIR.—I happened to be in the little parish church of All Saints, Mackworth, a hamlet on the main Derby-Ashbourne road about three miles from Derby, recently, and was struck by the wealth of alabaster which this little church contained.

I thought perhaps you would like to see this photograph of the beautiful alabaster lectern.

It is carved from a block of alabaster and the column is encircled by the entwining vine, while the table is formed by spreading leaves from which hang bunches of fruit.

The sun shining through the stained glass windows falls upon the lectern transforming it to a translucent thing warm with rosy light to which no photograph can do justice.

It is the first example of such beautifully carved alabaster being used for a lectern that I have discovered in our churches.—E. J. ELPHICK, Staplecross, Sussex.

SIR THOMAS MIDDLETON

From Sir E. John Russell.

SIR.—At the request of the Royal Society I am preparing an obituary notice of the late Sir Thomas Middleton and I should be grateful if any of your readers who knew him and his agricultural interests and work would

favour me with any information they can give. I should be particularly grateful for the loan of any letters which he may have written to them and which I would duly return after perusal.

Sir Thomas's services to agriculture were so many and were so often carried out unostentatiously that it would be easy to miss material of great value and I should greatly regret doing this.

I shall be obliged to any of your readers for any help that they can give me.—E. J. RUSSELL, Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden.

WARMING-PANS

SIR.—I read Mr. Clifford Smith's letter of May 7, entitled *Revival of the Warming-pan*, with much interest. Some 70 years ago we used warming-pans in my home in Cornwall. Our system was to heat a length of what we called "Jack" chain red hot and use it as heating material; any thick chain, however old and rusty, will serve. This is much more efficient and clean than any other method. In Cornwall the winters were more damp than cold.

This reminds me of a night spent some 30 years ago at the old galleried inn in Southwark, the George. Warming-pans were in several rooms and I asked the chambermaid if they were used. "Not often, sir," was the reply. "Gents like their hot-water bottles best." I had neither, as it was in summer that I visited the old George.

—EDGAR SYERS, *Maidenhead Thicket*.

[The George Inn, Southwark, is now the property of the National Trust. It has been slightly damaged by enemy action.—ED.]

BIRDS AND HEDGES

SIR.—In a recent issue you had some notes, headed *Birds and Hedges*, on the scarcity of small birds, and I am writing you a few lines, though I am afraid I can say nothing which really throws any light on the subject.

First I would say that the grubbing-up of many hedges cannot have anything to do with it. That would seem to presuppose that the bird when it starts on its northward migration says to itself: "I won't go to England, they have been grubbing-up the hedges." Surely the bird will come here just the same, and having got here will find a suitable nesting site. But apart from that the shortage is not confined to hedge-building birds.

Take for instance the following three varieties which are not hedge-nesting birds: swallows, sedge-warblers, and spotted flycatchers, and they are none of them likely to suffer from the depredations of magpies or jays. I don't think we have a tenth of the swallows we used to have in this district (South-west Lancashire) and the reduction in the numbers of sedge-warblers and flycatchers is even greater. I have not seen or heard either this year, and 20 years ago or



—THE DEVIL BEHIND THEM
See letter "An Interesting Carving"

less I always had one or pairs of each breeding in my grounds.

I have picked out these three species as illustrations, but the position is just the same with many other varieties and it is certainly not altogether caused by vermin and, in my opinion, not at all by hedge grubbing.

I can only throw out the theory that the mortality takes place in their winter quarters, not their summer ones, and that it is probably climatic. I think it may well be that in a few years we shall be back at normal again. At all events I hope so.—C. H. STOBART, *The White House, Parbold, near Wigan*.

THE ROSE BAY WILLOW HERB

SIR.—*A propos* your remarks in COUNTRY LIFE about seeds, can you throw any light on the recent amazing spread of rose bay willow herb in Britain?

As late as 1909 Johns says: "not often met with in a wild state . . . Damp woods; rare except as an escape."

Though country bred, I first met it, so far as I know, in Acheux Wood on the Somme in '16. Yet within a few years it seemed to be everywhere.

The widespread felling of trees may have given it its chance, but why had it not sprung up before in suitable places? and how came the seeds to be latent everywhere?

I see that I have a note of seeing it (still to me a rarity) in Scone Wood in 1919.—A. L. N. R., *Pall Mall, S.W.1*.

[We have always thought that this plant was fairly common and widely distributed. It is certainly more frequent in some districts than in others and it may be that our correspondent was not familiar with these areas. Both Sowerby in his *English Botany* and Harker in the *Handbook of the British Flora* speak of it as being "widely spread over Britain but not common," so it would seem that there is something in what the writer suggests—that this pretty but invasive plant is increasing. It has been suggested that it was an escape from cultivation and we must hope it will not be allowed to become a widespread nuisance.—ED.]

WHITSUNTIDE AND THE PARISH BOUNDARIES

SIR.—In former times Rogation Sunday to Whitsun Tuesday was called "ganging days." These, as once observed in England, consisted of processions, or gangs, through the fields with prayers for blessing on the fruits of the earth, and were continued through three days in Whitsun week. At the Reformation, the usage was abolished, very regrettably, and the perambulation of parish boundaries was substituted. Commenting on this old custom,

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Arnold Wilson, in April, 1940, said: "If the custom had been kept alive there would have been less, or no need, to-day for Footpaths and Commons Preservation Societies, which, alas, are kept alive not by the communities of villages, but by a handful of a few earnest men and women." For an instance, 100 acres of Malmesbury Common has been lost through neglect to "beat the bounds." This, unfortunately, is only one case out of many, for thousands

photographs of a more recent visit of these creatures to this country may be of interest.

In the last week of November, 1935, 43 pilot-whales were stranded at high tide on the sandbanks at the mouth of the Tay not far from Carnoustie, and, when the water receded, they were left high and dry. Owing to the softness of the sand they had no chance of escape, and their struggles made matters worse. A few of them lived as long as two days after being stranded, and had to be despatched with a humane cattle killer.

Most of the whales were about 15 ft. long, the largest being 22 ft. Although there were no houses in the immediate vicinity, it was felt that they could not be left to decompose where they lay, but the disposal of such a number of large carcasses was a difficult problem. Eventually it was decided to bury them in a deep trench dug among the sandunes just above high-water mark. To this they were dragged by horses working in pairs—no easy task, considering their weight and the character of the

ground. Certainly these whales were not regarded as the welcome visitors they seem to be farther north.—T. LESLIE SMITH, *Broughty Ferry, Angus.*

"HE'S AS WARM AS THEY"

SIR.—Few will dispute the wisdom of the words of the old epitaph "at the chancel door" of Kingsbridge Church, Devon—seen in the accompanying picture.

Kingsbridge is the happy hunting

ground of epitaph-hunters, for the churchyard is singularly rich in them, but this one is undoubtedly the gem of all.—P. H. LOVELL, *Pinner, Middlesex.*

UNUSUAL STOCKS

SIR.—These stocks, which are mobile, are to be found in the museum at Worthing and were used in the middle eighteenth century in Chichester for dragging culprits round the city as an example.

It is recorded that in 1845 (when oranges were known in this country and eggs were more plentiful than now) a man known as Shadow Mason was fastened in these stocks and drawn through Chichester while the inhabitants turned out and pelted him with oranges and eggs.

I am told that even in oiden days mobile stocks were little used, so that these presumably must be extremely rare.—NORMAN WYMER, *Appleacre, Ashare Lane, Worthing.*

FENNEL AND FISHERIES

SIR.—The Town Trust of Dunwich represents the old Corporation dating from King John, and I esteem it an honour to be a member, and assist in the management of property which has probably belonged to the town for 700 years or more, *malgré* many wars and threats of invasion, both by the sea and the King's enemies. There by the road and paths fringing the hoary Priory walls are still growing the little white Dunwich roses, brought by the monks in long past days, and a profusion of aromatic fennel, with its tender green plumes, which hundreds of years since was used by the Dunwichers to decorate their houses on St. John's Day, June 24, in honour of their husbands and sons who on that day, from far-away Bressay Sound in the Shetlands, would set sail in their fishing busses and commence the long herring voyage, to finish on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts about November, and



TRAVELLING STOCKS

See letter "Unusual Stocks"

to be the foundation of our east coast ports.

In 1754 Thomas Gardner, salt officer, who styles himself "Old Antiquity" upon his tombstone in Southwold Church, published his *History of Dunwich*, and writing there of the near-by village of Easton Bavents, says: "It is reputed ancient, & to have had a considerable Trade, especially for the Fishery; the abundance of Fennel growing there is Token of it"; but he gives no hint as to how fennel was used in connection with the old-time fisheries. Certainly it is to be found almost everywhere along the Suffolk coast and the light lands adjoining, and flourishes luxuriantly in certain localities where it may have been first established by the Roman garrisons, who are said to have brought it with them from Italy. In Provence, sweet fennel is still cultivated as a vegetable.

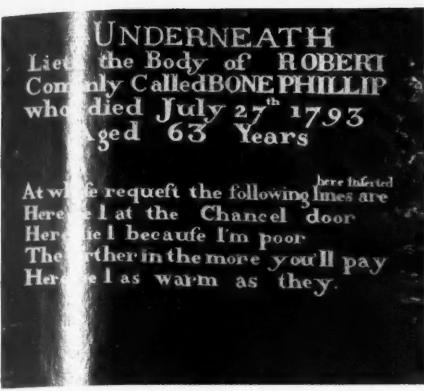
Chaucer writes "Fenel grene" in the *Romaunt of the Rose*; Shakespeare makes Ophelia say "There's fennel for you and columbines," and the note in my Staunton edition explains "For the King she has fennel, signifying flattery and lust." In *The Goblet of Life* Longfellow writes:

Above the lowly plants it towers
The fennel with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous
powers

Lost vision to restore;
It gave new strength and fearless
mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
The wreath of fennel wore.

In *Paradise Lost* Milton has
"When from the boughs a savoury
odour blown, Grateful to appetite,
more pleased my sense Than smell of
sweetest fennel."

Fennel appears in Culpepper's *Herbal* as follows: "One good old
fashion is not yet left off, viz. to boil



A KINGSBIDGE EPITAPH

See letter "He's as Warm as They"

of acres have been lost of rural England by not searching out encroachments by this custom. By the way, Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, who reside at Avening (Gloucestershire), have made a generous gift to Avening people, having bought and presented to the villagers both a four-acre pasture field and strip of ground to serve as a public footpath, in order to keep the villagers, and especially the children, as much as possible off the roads. The Parish Council will act as trustees of the generous gift



A DEAD WHALE BEING DRAGGED AWAY FOR BURIAL

See letter "A Massacre of Whales"

in perpetuity. The presentation was made on Easter Wednesday, April 28, by Lord and Lady Lee handing the key of the grounds to the Rector of Avening, Rev. O. E. Hayden, who is also chairman of the Parish Council. The closing of public footpaths has caused great concern since the war began. COUNTRY LIFE, of May 22, 1942, comments on this and says "that public bodies should insist on their reopening at the end of the war."—BERT BURROWS, *Amberley, Sussex, Gloucestershire.*

A WHALE OF WHALES
Editorial note to the "Massacre of Whales," which COUNTRY LIFE of May 7, 1942, said that "the pilot-whale, though comparatively rare out of the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions, sometimes strays south, and a school of 50 were stranded at Penzance in 1911."—Perhaps the accompanying



SOME OF THE 43 PILOT-WHALES STRANDED OFF THE MOUTH OF THE TAY

See letter "A Massacre of Whales"



THE LACE-MAKER

See letter "A Hertfordshire Lace-maker"

fennel with fish, for it consumes that phlegmatic humour, which fish most plentifully afford, & annoy the body with, though few that use it know wherefore they do it. I suppose the reason of its benefit this way is because it is an herb of Mercury, & under Virgo, & therefore bears antipathy to Pisces."

The editor of the *Fish Trades Gazette* informed me that 40 years ago London fishmongers always sold fennel in the mackerel season, and a man used to stand outside Billingsgate and sell it, as they sell parsley, but that the use of it has now quite passed away, and it is probably forgotten.

An old and knowledgeable friend told me that when he was a boy, which must be bordering on 80 years ago, they used to keep their worms in fennel to acquire a scent, which was

leaves are now used when spicing sprats; and that its use passed away when our sea fisheries crashed after the Reformation and the discontinuance of fast days. I find some slight support for my theory in the following from the 14th-century *Vision of Piers Plowman* in which he says to "Beton the brewstere":

Hastow ought in thi
purs quod he

Any hote spices?

I have pepir and piones

quod she

And a pound of

garleck

And a ferthing worth

of fenel seed

For fastyng dayes.

The glossary to my edition states "The seed of sweet fennel was formerly used as a spice."—ERNEST R. COOPER, Warren Hill, Woodbridge.

A HERTFORDSHIRE LACE-MAKER

From Lady Robertson Nicoll.

SIR.—Having read with great interest your recent article on the lace-makers of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire I am sending you a photograph, taken about 25 years ago, of Mrs. Shepherd, Highdown Farm, near Hitchin, Hertfordshire. Her mother had come from Buckinghamshire. Friends of my childhood, they made lace for my sisters' and my dolls.—C. ROBERTSON NICOLL, *The Old Manse*, Lumsden, by Huntly, Aberdeenshire.

THE CARD HOUSE

SIR.—This house in North Street, Ashburton, Devon, is called the Card House because its painted slates resemble the pips of a pack of playing-cards: hearts, diamonds, and so on.—F. R. W., Bristol.

COWSLIPS AND NIGHTINGALES

SIR.—In reference to the superstition mentioned (COUNTRY LIFE, May 14) that nightingales will not nest in areas where there are no cowslips, I might say that we have nightingales in plenty here—but never a cowslip!

War has its compensations, as those of us found who stood by in the small hours one spring night, on the Alert, at the Wardens' Post. It was a soft warm night, with a young moon hanging in the west. A distant grumbling thunderstorm circled us for an hour, and the lightning lit the clouds at the storm edge with a beauty I have never seen before.

And between the noise of the muttering thunder and the banshee wailings of the sirens, a nightingale "jugged" and poured forth his lonely song, seemingly for our sole benefit.

Any jaded Londoner can hear the nightingale here at Chingford not five minutes from the station in the copse and undergrowth at the Forest edge. I think the old refrain "Come down to Kew in bluebell time" needs re-writing!

To turn to another bird, I have been amazed at the power and persistency in singing of the chaffinch. We have one who sits in a tree opposite our house, and sings from morning till night. I find he repeats his down-the-scale jingle complete with full final flourish once every six seconds—which goes on non-stop. Six hundred

an hour, for hour after hour! I have heard of people getting tired of the cuckoo; I wouldn't say I am tired of such a lovely song as the chaffinch's, but this glittering cascade of notes as a background to the day's activities has become almost monotonous!

To hear such sentiments must sound indeed sacrilegious, especially to the desert-weary troops in Africa, but this is the first occasion on which I have noticed to such an extent the mechanical continuity in bird song.

—J. A. BRIMBLE, Chingford, Essex.

pentstemon, petunias, and geranium), and when hunting the moth hovers over the flower without alighting, and pushes the long proboscis down into the nectary. This "refuelling" in mid-air is a peculiarity of the hawk moths and calls for great manoeuvrability. For those who know where and when to look, it may be seen in our own elephant and the humming-bird hawk moths, but only on rare occasions, long to be remembered

A VISITOR FROM EUROPE

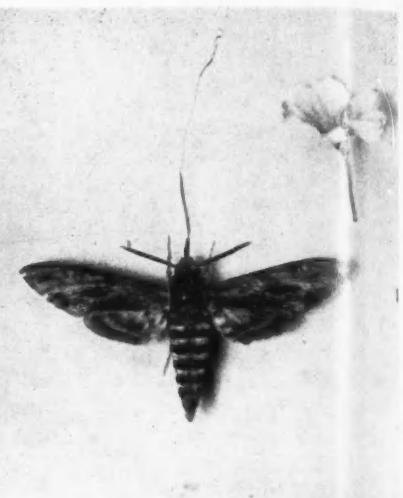
SIR.—On September 4 last year a friend of mine, while cutting a hedge near his home in County Down, was astonished to find a huge moth, which only just escaped his shears, resting on the top of the hedge. It was not very active, so he succeeded in putting it in a roomy box and next day brought it to me.

I was surprised and delighted to find that it was a convolvulus hawk moth, a species that I had never previously seen alive in Ireland. This large moth, second only to the death's head in size, is a rare and irregular visitor from the Continent, where, however, it is much more widespread

and common than in these islands. It occasionally flies here in June, and on the rare occasions when it remains to breed the eggs are laid on convolvulus leaves. From these the larvæ sometimes reach maturity, before the leaves die off in autumn, and so produce a second brood of these interesting moths in September. For this reason it is possible that my specimen was reared from a June-laid egg, but I do not think so. Judging by the slightly worn condition of the wings, and the fact that when found the moth was disinclined to fly, I believe that she flew over here about July, perhaps passing over the Channel while the Dieppe raid was in progress.

She had very large eyes, as shown in the photograph, and on one occasion when I suddenly brought her out of a dark corner into the light the eyes glowed brightly with a rose-pink light for about 30 seconds: then, as if adjusting themselves to the intensity of the light, they changed to their usual coal-black shade.

In a few days the moth died a natural death, and I mounted her carefully as shown in the photograph. Knowing that this species had an unusually long proboscis I spent several hours in opening it out and adjusting it to my satisfaction. The proboscis of course is the tongue or mouth of an insect, and the average length in a butterfly or moth is about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. This organ, when not in use, is rolled up under the head, but opens out at once when a sweet-smelling flower is scented. Then the proboscis is pushed down into the nectary and the honey sucked up. In the convolvulus hawk moth, however, this "tongue" is $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. long when fully extended. This great length is necessary, since the favourite flowers are long and tubular (tobacco plant,



THE CONVOLVULUS HAWK MOTH: PROBOSCIS $\frac{3}{4}$ INS. LONG

See letter "A Visitor from Europe"

afterwards by the fortunate observer.

—J. A. BENINGTON, Co., Antrim.

[As our correspondent points out, the convolvulus hawk moth is not indigenous to Britain, but in some years it crosses the Channel comparatively numerously. We heard of several of the insects being taken last summer and autumn, which suggests that 1942 was a convolvulus year.—ED.]

AT HACCOMBE CHURCH

SIR.—The little church at Haccombe, Devon, standing side by side with a great house in a park, boasts a quaint toy tomb. Sir Hugh Courtney and his wife, figures of 1425, have a 2-ft. effigy of their only son beside them dressed in tunic and tight hose of the fashion five centuries ago.—W., Gloucestershire.



THE TOY TOMB AT HACCOMBE

See letter "At Haccombe Church"



THE DARK SLATES ARE SHAPED AS PLAYING-CARD PIPS

See letter "The Card House"

supposed to attract the fish, and, following that clue, I turned to my 1760 edition of Izaak Walton, and lo! at page 90 I found: "put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, & then put them into your bag with fennel; but you must not put your brandlings above an hour in water, & then put them into fennel for sudden use." But that of course applies to fresh-water angling, and not to sea fisheries, and all these rambling researches carry me no further along the road of discovery as to the connection of fennel with fishery ports, so here is a problem for readers of COUNTRY LIFE who find pleasure in tracing the use and origin of old customs.

I may perhaps throw out the suggestion that it might have been used to flavour the pickle in which some fish were cured in olden days in the same way as bay

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. QUEEN MARY

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INTERESTING FURNITURE

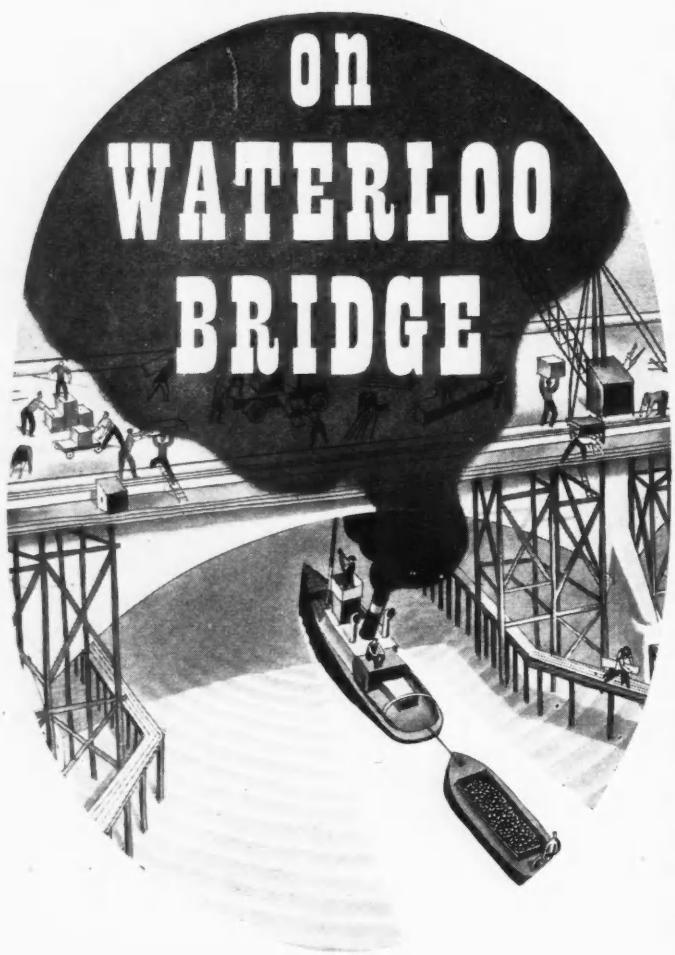
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FARMING NOTES

AGRICULTURE IN GERMANY

OMEONE who makes a habit of listening to the German broadcasts on agricultural topics tells me that he gets the clear impression that they are facing much the same problems as we are. They had a dry spring and a good deal of difficulty in getting a good enough seed-bed to give the spring crops a start. But I was most interested in what he has picked up about their livestock policy. They, like ourselves, have evidently been concentrating attention greatly on milk production. Milk prices are said to be temptingly high, which has resulted in many farmers abandoning their interest in cattle breeding and rearing for the beef market. This side of livestock production has never, of course, been so important on the Continent as with us. Most of the Continental beef is cow beef. They make more of veal than we do, but well-finished beef cattle are rarely seen in Continental markets. Nowadays Germany has no imported oil cakes to help finish off cattle for slaughter, but she has always known the value of fodder crops and by-products like beet tops rather than grass for making beef.

* * *

IT would be very interesting to hear what Mr. Hudson has to say about future livestock policy for this country. He has promised to make a statement in the near future. The trend in cattle has, since the war, been all in the direction of milk production. Grazing cattle, notably in the Midland counties, had to make way for the plough and tillage crops, yet the total number of cattle in the country has been maintained, and in some districts there is certainly an increase. The extra stock are all of dairy type. Indeed, the War Agricultural Committees have rather frowned on beef cattle. Milk has been the priority product and everyone has been expected to produce milk or else plough up their cattle pastures. With the establishment of more grass and clover leys a new phase has opened. These leys will want stocking either with cattle or with sheep; otherwise they will not do their job properly in restoring the fertility that has been taken away in a succession of straw crops. There will be feed for more cattle and they need not all be dairy cattle. On the farm that is now predominantly arable it may well be possible to carry a number of beef cattle as stores through the winter in straw yards, keeping them going on oat straw and roots, and then when the spring comes putting them out on the leys to finish. Judging by the level of store cattle prices in recent months there is not much of this being done yet.

* * *

ANOTHER point that is being stressed a great deal in Germany now, judging by these broadcasts, is the importance of farmers working together in the use of machinery. They are being urged to make use of co-operative organisations, and particularly to help the wives whose husbands are away fighting. The tractors must be used only if animals cannot do the work. Tractors for transport are prohibited and farmers are told that they should only be used on the land when they really speed up the work and improve output. Draught horses are short of requirements and farmers are told that they must make use of their oxen, cows and bulls which can be trained to replace draught horses. Smallholders can dispense altogether with horses, and the larger farmers can have mixed teams. One broadcast talk coming recently from Breslau gave detailed

instructions about the training of cattle for draught purposes. I do not know whether there are any draught oxen used in this country. They were used not many years ago by Lord Bathurst at Cirencester, and I have spoken to old men in my own district who well remember ploughing with oxen. In Germany horses are becoming so scarce that profit limits have been set on horse sales. An 8 per cent. profit is allowed on the sale of foals, 10 per cent. on working horses and 17 per cent. on mares. Maximum prices have also been fixed for working horses and breeding mares.

* * *

THE Germans are certainly as short as we are of agricultural machinery. They have no generosity to supply them with tractors and heavy machinery under Lease-Lend. They will get few new machines, and the production of spare parts is also being restricted. So, willy-nilly, they must help one another by making co-operative use of the machines in each district. France is also having the same kind of difficulty. Plans have been drawn up for the collective use of implements on land which would otherwise go to waste. Those who have agricultural implements are obliged to make them available for use on waste ground. Here in England we have not reached this stage of stringency. There may have been one or two cases where machinery has been requisitioned by War Agricultural Committees because the owner had more than enough equipment for his land, but I have not heard of them. We have met the problem of the under-equipped farm by having local machinery depots run by the War Agricultural Committees. From these depots machines go out to cultivate land which local farmers cannot tackle for themselves.

* * *

WE may come to the stage when heavy tractors have to be requisitioned. There are districts where the numbers of heavy track-laying tractors are big enough to allow one or two to be moved to other areas which are ill-equipped with machinery to deal with the heavy land that now has to be tackled. No one will want to give up a good tractor, but some of the arable farms that have two or three heavy tractors could probably manage quite well if they had to give up one of these and make do with a lighter tractor in its place. It seems certain that we shall not get many more heavy track-laying tractors until the end of the war. The factories that were making them are now turning out tanks.

* * *

A FEW good showers of rain have made an amazing difference to the corn crops. Many patchy crops, very thin in places, have picked up extraordinarily since the rain at the beginning of this month. This is true particularly of the heavy lands where the soil was difficult to work in the dry spring. The seed did not go into a good tilth and germination was much delayed. Now instead of crop failures there should be fair crops. They will not be full crops, but we can still hope that they will be well worth investing in. On the lighter lands the spring barley has come away strongly and everything looks very promising. It is the clay lands that are still our problem. They are not really suited to spring corn and what they need is early working and sowing, and if it is a matter of breaking it from grass the plough should go in during July or at the latest August. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

UPWARD TENDENCY OF PRICES

THE supply of property for sale in the open market continues to fall far short of the demand, competition is consequently very keen, and prices are still hardening. In the case of rural freeholds of extensive acreage would-be buyers make no secret of their requirements, and nearly every week some auction is cancelled because an adequate offer has been accepted. Very often this involves disappointment for those who had hoped to have a chance to compete for small lots.

Less and less often nowadays landed properties are being bought in their entirety, with a view to break-up and re-sale, so that chance of becoming a freeholder is denied to local people.

Although it is well known that only a negligible proportion of sales of small country residential properties are ever satisfied, the number now reported from any quarter remains exceptionally low, but if this is in any way due to an idea that prices are too high for such freeholds that idea is fallacious. Any lack of spirit in this section of the market may be regarded as temporary, and, as soon as normality is reached, in the broader aspect of affairs, the demand may be expected to exceed the supply.

As far as anyone can foresee the tide of prices of really desirable rural freeholds is unlikely to recede; in fact an upward flow is a far safer prediction.

REQUISITIONED HOUSES :
CHANGE OF USE

A POINT of some practical importance to owners of mansions is suggested by what is happening at the present time in regard to a famous seat. For the last two or three years

the mansion has been in use for a Department which has now vacated the place, or is about to do so. Possession is, however, not to be restored to the owner, but the use of the mansion as offices is to be followed by handing it over as quarters for a branch of the fighting Forces. In place of a comparatively small body of officials of the highest class, men and women accustomed to houses and furniture of the finest type, and to be trusted to use them as carefully as if they were their own, a different sort of occupation is apprehended. Furniture and works of art that have until now remained in position, subject to certain necessary clearances of some of the corridors and rooms, must now be shifted, and something in the nature of a revised inventory is in progress of preparation, along with a detailed estimation of what fair wear and tear there may have been, as a result of the official occupation up to the moment of the alteration in the mode of use of the premises. Experts are at work making the requisite valuations, so that practically a fresh start will be made as regards compensation, and it will clearly differentiate the two types of use.

Speaking generally, and wholly apart from the particular instance just indicated, it may be said that, however considerable the members of large units may be, in their use of houses there is inevitably a degree of wear and tear that may reasonably arouse some anxiety on the part of an owner. There is less wanton damage than there used to be by occupying units, and to some extent this is due to the emphatic instructions given to avoid damage, and to a broader sense of responsibility.

In the light of the example just mentioned it would seem that where premises have been requisitioned for a specific purpose, and they remain requisitioned, but are put to some different purpose, it is well for the owner to arrange with the authorities to have the record of the condition of the premises and their contents (if any) brought right up to date.

SOME REALISED PRICES IN
THE PROVINCES

RADBROOK HALL, in 10 acres of grounds, with an additional 11 acres, 21 acres altogether, on the outskirts of Shrewsbury, has been sold for £7,300, by order of Mr. D. D. Macpherson's executors, their agents being Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen. Another sale by the Hanover Square agents, this time jointly with Messrs. Friend and Nightingall, is of Skid Hill Farm, 194 acres, with a farm-house that was built about 350 years ago, on a hill-top at Chelsham, seven miles from Bromley.

The Thatched House, at Fishbourne, near Chichester, built about eight years ago, has been sold with just over three acres, for £8,050, with immediate possession. For 14 acres of adjoining pasture (in a couple of lots) the price obtained was £1,650.

A seaside resort where a steady stream of sales by auction meets with an uninterrupted enquiry by buyers is Bournemouth, a typical lot being one in Messrs. Fox and Sons' latest sale, a detached freehold house with 40 ft. of frontage to Hambledon Road, Boscombe East, rated at £44 a year, for £1,350. A Melksham freehold, the

late Dr. Rumboll's residence, and an acre, has changed hands for £3,700.

The late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres owned Wigan ground rents, of which 66 lots out of 86 have just been dealt with at a local auction.

Nearly £34,000 was realised for farms and other portions of Firbeck Hall estate, near Sheffield, under the hammer of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. Lake House and the home farm made £9,000. The Hall failed to reach the reserve.

The offer of Balkeerie, an estate of 823 acres, three miles from Glamis and nine from Forfar, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. has features of special interest, inasmuch as the buyer must take the crops as at July 29 next, and the equipment and the contracts with farm hands. In 1933 the present vendor converted the farms from pasture to rotational cultivation. Mechanised farming was fully adopted, and the iron fencing is so made that it can be shifted when a change is made in the cropping. Seed potatoes are a very successful product of Balkeerie.

Yet another auction has been foreclosed, Hurdott House, the residence of the late Captain Forester, having been sold with 1,025 acres, by Messrs. Woolley and Wallis, who were to have submitted it in lots at Salisbury. The stone house of Georgian origin stands in a park of 70 acres, seven miles from Salisbury on the Taunton road. There is a mile of fishing in that good sporting stream the Nadder. The farms of 250 and 300 acres are well equipped with houses and buildings and there are 120 acres of matured woodland. The estate agent, Mr. Hugh O. Johnson, co-operated with the Salisbury firm.

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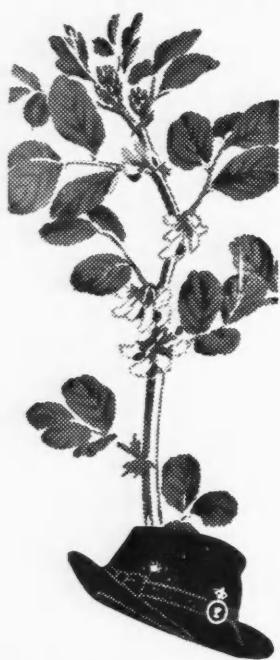
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NEW BOOKS

AFTER MUSSOLINI —WHAT?

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE course of the war, insofar as it has affected Italy, is well enough known, and therefore a great deal that is in Madame Odette Keun's *Trumpets Bray* (Constable, 3s. 6d.) will be of more interest to our children than it is to us. But perhaps I am wrong about this. We learn from the book how short human memory is; maybe, on some not far distant morrow we shall be turning to it for refreshment on points that we now imagine to be burned into our minds for ever.

ITALY BETWEEN WARS

The sub-title of the book is *The Why of Fascism and the Wherefore of Mussolini*, and it is the author's rebuilding of the Italian scene between the two wars, and her analysis of what she holds to be the abiding qualities of the Italian nature, that most deeply interested me. I have spoken of the shortness of memory; and Madame Keun does well to remind us that if Mussolini's warlike course has been a surprise, that is not his fault. She quotes from the *Encyclopaedia Italiana*:

"Every doctrine which derives from an idea of peace is contrary to Fascism. The Fascist State is a Will to Power and Empire. The Roman tradition is here an idea of Force. For Fascism—the Empire tendency—that is, expansion—is a manifestation of vitality. Its opposite is a sign of decadence. Peoples who are reborn are imperialists; those who die are renunciants." This sort of stuff, she reminds us, was "shrieked, shouted, clamoured, yapped, yelled, brayed and roared interminably," and if we took no notice of it we had only ourselves to blame, for we saw Mussolini putting it all increasingly into action—in Corfu, in Spain, in Abyssinia.

Examining Mussolini's relationship to the Italian people, she finds that, whereas in Russia Lenin and Stalin "were basically the expression of the doctrine of a rigidly coherent philosophical Party," and whereas Hitler "was the extreme embodiment of the almost universal German mind," Mussolini "was the expression neither of a philosophy nor of the natural state of mind of a nation, but, like the majority of Italian tyrants, exclusively of himself; and from beginning to end he served the interests of his own ego, resurrecting, to do so, a pattern which had become obsolete."

Because of this, she believes that while Communism would survive the disappearance of Stalin, and Nazism survive the passing of Hitler, "Fascism will disintegrate through an internal process, for it was built essentially by and round the temperament

of one man, and on lines which represent an anachronism."

Nevertheless, she does not judge the Italian mood of the moment (or rather of the moment when she was writing, a few months ago) to be more than one of pessimism and disillusion—not one of revolt. The army shows no sign of mutiny, and there is a memory of the chaos out of which Fascism was spawned. She sees no public person and no group capable of leading the people should they overthrow their present masters. "Military events alone will determine the behaviour of the people."

We should not, Madame Keun warns us, make any mistake about the nature of this people. "The Italians at large have not a grain of mysticism or of political morality in their composition. (I do not hold this against them, for up to the war at least, all of us flamboyantly showed the same lack, and it remains to be seen whether our boosted change of heart will endure.) But they are a realistic people."

Again: "I doubt whether Italy will ever be seized with a burning horror at the indignity of having let herself be regimented by a Dictator . . . or will grieve in sackcloth and ashes over the lack of ethics which her political behaviour displayed during the last 20 years (too many other countries are in the same sack). But since she is realistic, she will probably . . . face the fact that she has been an imbecile of the first water, foot the bill of her huge stupidity, and begin again on lines more in harmony with her texture, her capacities, her possibilities, and the spirit of the times."

AFTER THE LAST WAR

Madame Keun gives us an acute analysis of the Italian position at the end of the last war—a position whose rapid deterioration gave Mussolini an upstart's opening. "Her territory is about half that of France, and only about half of that can be cultivated. . . Her population is several millions more than that of France, which roughly means that every Italian has one-quarter of the arable land of every Frenchman." Poor in natural resources, the end of the last war found the country poorer than before, with 700,000 dead, 1,000,000 wounded, and 500,000 disabled. "The balance, to its mind, could only be re-established by vast material gains," and Mussolini, promising these, took control.

Though Madame Keun evidently has a soft place in her heart for the Italian people, she is not ready to sentimentalise about them. She holds them responsible if not for the birth at any rate for the prolongation of Fascism. "It is nonsense," she says, "to try to dissociate the huge majority

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HARRAP

of them from their baleful regime. . . . They had been unable to avoid the Fascist pestilence, true; but, once it arrived, instead of withstanding it like free and upright men, in the main they suffered it to infect them, resigned themselves to the blight, and, at particularly perverted moments, relished it."

For those reasons, she thinks "there can be no question of letting Italy off lightly: she has made too much ghastly mischief and perpetrated too many excruciating injustices. Guilty nations must expiate in this world—there is no other place, as Defoe has observed, where they can be punished."

Nevertheless, she hopes the Allied Nations will remember their own faults and recall how little they did after the last war to help make a normal world for the Italians to live in. She is a hard hitter all round. She hits hard at the Italian King, dictator and people, but here and there she hits hard at us and our Allies, too; and she gets in her blows fairly enough, leaving us with nothing but an uneasy grin at our own discomfiture.

OF CICERO

Mr. H. J. Haskell, who has written *This Was Cicero* (Secker and Warburg, 15s.) is an American journalist, and one doesn't, normally, look to journalists for books on the great figures of classical antiquity. But when they can be induced to make a scholarly study of such a matter, as Mr. Haskell has done, the result is likely to have a value of its own. For example, Mr. Haskell, who has for many years considered the politicians in Washington, is able to write, as a scholar *in vacuo* probably would not: "Cicero considered himself as primarily a politician. The political aspects of his career fall into the ageless pattern of political behaviour. Most of the biographers have not been sufficiently familiar with this type of behaviour to get the significance of much of the manoeuvring of the Roman politicians of the first century B.C. I have constantly been horrified to find historians accepting political speeches as statements of fact. Cicero's denunciations of Catiline and Mark Antony are no more sober historical documents than the campaign speeches of American politicians."

FUNDAMENTAL BEHAVIOUR

It is because he has found "little change in the fundamentals of political behaviour in the last 2,000 years" that Mr. Haskell's book has such a fresh and vigorous appeal to the mind. And not only in political behaviour, but in social behaviour, too, he finds striking parallels between that far-off time and times that are just behind us. There are two chapters in which he considers a well-to-do Roman of Cicero's day transplanted to the Whig society of the eighteenth century in England, and he is able to make out a good case for believing that he would be quite at home in the society of Lord Melbourne and the Duchess of Devonshire.

The fashionable country houses, the hard drinking, the political nepotism and the political influence of women, the sexual promiscuity and the light acceptance of religion as something to be observed because it was well that the lower classes should believe these things: on all these points the cultured 1st-century Roman and the cultured 18th-century Whig would have been in agreement. It is this apprehension of certain durable factors in the pattern of human behaviour that

puts Mr. Haskell's book in a class of its own among those dealing with antiquity. It brings his pages alive, and to know that Cicero said of Cleopatra, "I can't abide the woman," is a salty change after the traditional languors. It's a book which I heartily recommend.

THEY CALLED IT "COB"

There is one point on which I can give a little information to the author. He speaks of Roman walls made of mud-bricks and assumes that they were protected by a coating of marble cement stucco. A learned friend corrects him: "In the climate of Rome and Greece a mud brick building will last indefinitely after it is whitewashed. The Pythian Apollo hotel at Delphi is protected in just this way."

But, as we know down here in Cornwall, it doesn't "last indefinitely" after one whitewashing. Our county is full of cottages made not of mud-bricks but of simple mud piled up. They call it "cob." If you whitewash frequently, all is well; but once let the whitewash perish and the rain get in and the deterioration is swift. But some of these cottages stand sturdily after hundreds of years.

Félicité de Lamennais, a Breton priest, just over a hundred years ago wrote a book called *Words of a Believer*, now translated by Cuthbert Reaveley as *The People's Prophecy* (Dakers, 5s.). Renan called it "a pastiche of genius," and the present translator says that it shook Europe to its foundations, which certainly is an over-statement. I have never come upon the book in its original French, and I hesitate to pronounce upon it merely through this present medium, for it is clear that it is one of those books that must owe much to the passion and colour of its original words. It is now like a pastoral psalm, and now like a denunciatory passage from a Hebrew prophet; and, above all, it is a book which one wants to take in through the author's own voice.

Its fundamental themes are the worship of God, the love of the brethren, the denunciation of earthly tyrants and oppressors, and the importance of combining to resist evil. It certainly has some passages pertinent to our present day. "Do not be like sheep which, when the wolf carries off one of them, are frightened for a moment and then start grazing again. For each thinks it will be content with a first or second prey—and why should I upset myself on account of those which it is devouring? What has that to do with me? There will only be the more grass for me." In truth, I tell you: Those who think thus within themselves are marked down as fodder for the beast which lives on flesh and blood."

EXCESS OF SPITE

I have in my time got some pleasure from the novels of Mr. Caradoc Evans, though it has always been the pleasure that comes from good caricature rather than from portraiture. But his new book, *Morgan Bible* (Dakers, 6s.) seems to me to transgress the canons even of caricature. The venom of his pen defeats his own intention to insult, for, being presented with a landscape entirely peopled by lechers, seducers, hypocrites and humbugs, with not one redeeming trait of common humanity, we put the book down feeling that the Wales which Mr. Evans appears to hate so bitterly may well draw a sigh of relief at finding that this antagonist has cut his own claws and drawn his own teeth by the sheer excess of spite and rancour.

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WHEN we cast our eyes over this summer's fashions we discover that, even with the plainest of tailored clothes and all the restrictions for levelling designs, certain styling trends stand out head and shoulders above the rest. First, there is the general spick and span appearance of the tailor-mades, the grey worsteds and the smooth navy serges teamed with fresh-looking striped or white piqué shirts, the plain Cheviot tweed suits, equally neat with their high buttoning and white piqué collars that can do duty as a shirt. It is these suits that are largely responsible for the fact that women in *mufti* look as trim as the women in uniform. Suits are better than they were before the war now they are pruned of fussy detail that so often spoiled the outline. Equally outstanding are the numbers of tailored jumper suits in print and the canvas rayon weaves that replace linen, the print coat-frocks, the suave moulded dinner frocks, and the gay odd jackets in blazer flannel which have erupted all over everyone's wardrobe. We remember, on all these, the pockets and the many ingenious ways of drawing attention to them—the tiny fringes edging the square patch pockets of tailored linen-like rayons; the narrow frilling on the pockets of prints or bows on jumper suits in coarse canvas rayon. Suits show vertical pockets with pillar-box flaps, two-sectioned patch pockets with the centre-piece on the cross, pockets in plain when the suit is check, in check when the material is plain, in a deep contrasting colour, such as crimson or royal blue when the suit is black

Left of picture, Utility tailored rayon shirt-frock in strawberry pink. On the right, chestnut brown rayon, a material that looks like linen, with banana inlet under the pleats, banana triangles on the pockets. Both Debenham and Freebody.

SUMMER Solstice

or nigger or navy. These are the leaders of fashion this summer.

The jumper suit is largely the outcome of clothes rationing. It takes two more coupons than a frock, but many people prefer it on account of its versatility. They like to be able to split an outfit in two and wear the skirt with another blouse and jacket, the jumper with a suit or over an old frock in the house. So popular are these suits, in fact, that Selincourt are featuring them throughout the entire Solita collection. The many black suits for bridge, dinner, theatre and restaurant wear are elegant. A black suit in a fine wool has a turn-down collar in black and the whole front in royal blue cored silk. Pockets are set in vertically below the waist in the blue and are flapped like a pillar-box. The long plain sleeves are black, the narrow belt is black and blue. The pleated skirt, divorced of its blue and black jumper,

(Left), slab rayon from Harrods in several shades, printed with white hearts; also one of a collection of rayon tweed jumper suits from Harvey Nichols, some short-sleeved, some long.





*The name which stood for
Quality in times of plenty
means so much more today*

Although the output of Chilprufe is restricted to a range of essential garments for Infants and Young Children, the quality remains—the Finest Pure Wool obtainable.

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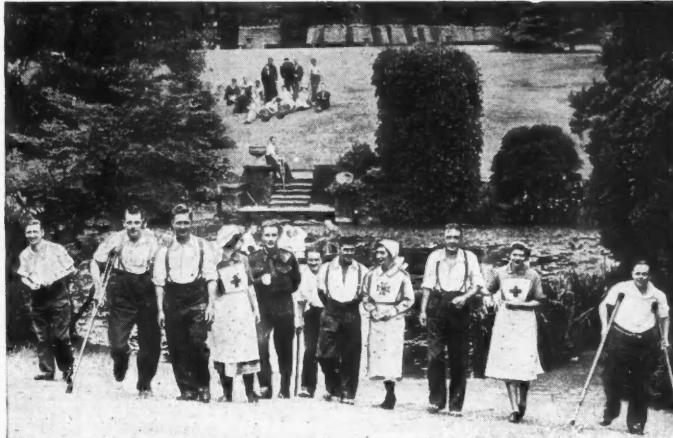
Jacqmar

New Cashmere Tweed
54 inches wide, in
several soft shades of
brown or grey, is 61/10
per yard (4½ coupons)

Write for Patterns to:-

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THINK OF THE WOUNDED

They look happy here and, indeed, they are. In the beautiful grounds of one of the Red Cross and St. John Auxiliary Hospitals they are able to build up their strength and to forget for awhile what they have endured, fighting for their country and for you.

At the request of the Ministries,

staff, equipment, and supplies are provided in Auxiliary Hospitals by the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation to assist the authorities in their work for the wounded.

The wounded have given freely for their country and for you. You can give practical expression to your gratitude to them if you—

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SEND A DONATION TODAY TO

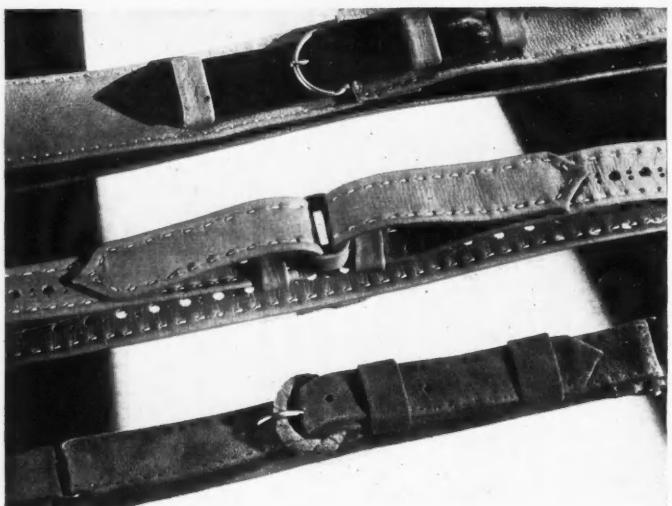
RED CROSS & ST. JOHN

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.1.

This space has been given to the Red Cross by
THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.

is plain enough to be worn with a sweater or striped shirt or any fancy blouse for evening; the top would furnish up any old black frock that has an out-of-date neckline or has gone under the sleeves. Another, all-black, has a similarly plain skirt, a black jacket with a fluted basque, in front only, of black moiré silk, a black moiré collar. The neck dips to a V, the sleeves are three-quarter and gathered to slip just over the elbow. Moiré is inlet in stripes on a black jumper suit and tied on one side.

Navy woollen suits with comfortable, soft-looking jackets touched at the throat and cuffs with white piqué, or striped navy and white shirting, look as fresh as a daisy. Here again the skirt is simply cut so that it can be worn with almost any kind of top. For summer, a pale blue linen two-piece has a long jumper covering the hips, short sleeves and one patch pocket on the chest stencilled with navy Chinese writing. This is a cool and pretty outfit for a hot day. The same kind of thing is shown in print. Women find the tailored print jumper tops useful with suits on a colder day. I have seen one worn with great success with a grey flannel skirt and a grey shirt. The flowered print jumper was mostly black and cherry, belted and tailored, and looked charming with the grey. The shirt made a vest at the neck. The exceedingly smart woman had rolled her hair round a cherry ribbon and tied it on top, and the cherry was picked up again on the soles on her shoes.



Beige kid belt lined and strapped with black; (centre) pigskin that can be adjusted to any sized waist; handstitched suède with four gold metal rings. Fortnum and Mason

SHOE designs are limited as is everything else. Joyce are sticking to the proved favourites and emphasising the line of the strappings and the soles by using two colours or materials. They thus get plenty of change. Their laced wedge is made in black or navy suède with a kid sole; in black or navy reversed calf with a snakeskin wedge. This walking shoe is medium weight and a best seller. The easy semi-wedge-soled slippers with a broad bracelet band over the instep are smart in two gay colours in reversed calf, navy with cherry or russet with Lincoln green. These are the most comfortable of shoes and look well with summer

away like a child's shoe.

For the house, Joyce are showing a slipper with a broad strap low down on the vamp in two shades of suède. The slipper is as soft and easy as an Indian moccasin and is made in bright colours. The "Idler," a calf slipper made on the lines of a man's Norwegian slipper, is still a hot favourite. The London Shoe Company have them in brown, black and tan, in limited numbers.

Small numbers of the Joyce house slipper will be on sale all over the country with further supplies later.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

Designed by
the White
House

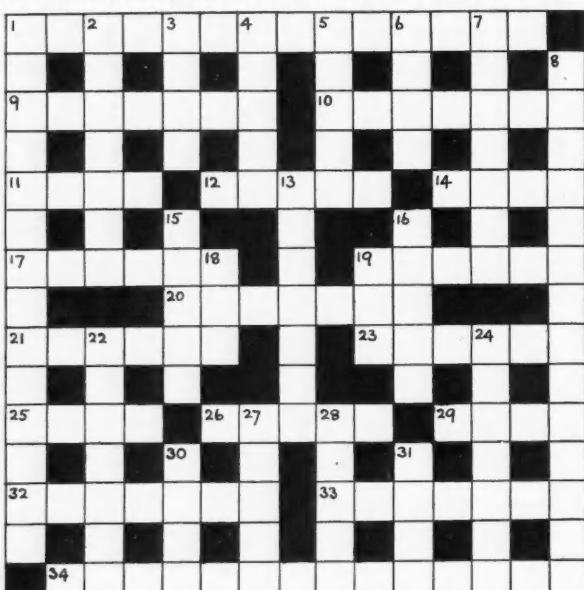
THIS Barri maternity model designed by the White House is in floral crêpe de Chine of blue and white on a navy ground. The accompanying French blue short coat is in soft wool.

BARRI MODELS
obtainable only at

**THE WHITE
HOUSE LTD**
LINEN SPECIALISTS
51, NEW BOND ST W.I.

CROSSWORD No. 699

A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 699, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2" and must reach this office not later than the *first post on the morning of Thursday, June 24, 1943*.



Name.....

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 698. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 11, will be announced next week.

ACROSS. 1, Carthorses; 6, Snap; 9, Roman roads; 10, Ache; 12, Better; 13, Erode; 16, Politer; 18, Excited; 19, Iterate; 21, Latimer; 22, Giant; 23, Atolls; 27, Iris; 28, Attentions; 29, Erne; 30, Grass Plots.

DOWN. 1, Cure; 2, Rime; 3, Hinge; 4, Rooster; 5, Endorse; 7, Nick of time; 8, Pretenders; 11, Pet cat; 14, Springtime; 15, Alteration; 17, Toasts; 20, Enactor; 21, Lioness; 24, Lit up; 25, Soho; 26, Isis.

ACROSS

1. Barnaby's raven tells Polly what to do before tea can be made (four words, 3, 3, 6, 2)
9. "Is later?" (anagr.) (7)
10. Susan Coolidge said what (or, in a word, a large and noisy insect) (two words, 4, 3, or one word, 7)
11. An exiled poet (4)
12. What the employer's always doing (5)
14. It is more agreeable not to have to pick one with another (4)
17. Rather uncommonly sweet nowadays (6)
19. Lump of native gold (6)
20. Joint founder of the Pre-Raphaelites (7)
21. Ned's ear appears to be an internal organ! (6)
23. The pie's foremost, but it's all broken up (6)
25. Tidy (4)
26. Something of a disaster in the garden (5)
29. Merely a bang, perhaps, but it may be grand (4)
32. Perennial conversational standby (7)
33. Jack Ketch and Calcraft, for example (7)
34. Very united couple, necessary to the production of a well-cut suit (three words 4, 2, 8)

DOWN

1. Murderers *incognito*, maybe (two words, 7, 7)
2. How annoying, it looks as if the teapot were told to usurp the kettle's vocal function! (7)
3. A stinging greeting from the clouds (4)
4. Birds of prey, but we'll have them on a bit of string (5)
5. Sign (5)
6. What Christopher Bean is (4)
7. Bygone melody means a bargain to you (two words, 3, 4)
8. "Verse isn't tamed?" They tell the world (14)
13. Animal, vegetable, mineral? Insert the declaration that *I'm* vegetable! (7)
15. He who quarrels with good reason is said to be three times this (5)
16. Wilde called it "the Art most near to tears" (5)
18. Jew (3)
19. Pin up (3)
22. Cotton-producing state (7)
24. Capital of Ceylon (7)
27. Stroke at top or bottom of a letter (1)
28. Indirect hit in E.C.? It's all a matter of behaviour (5)
30. The Thunderer (4)
31. They administer correction to the sloughard (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 697 is
Mrs. Bertram,
2, Ashburn Gardens, London, S.W.7.

This is Dad
Going to the
office he al-
ways drinks
Oxo at the office
about elevenish he said
Oxo makes him work
hard all day Pam



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY 

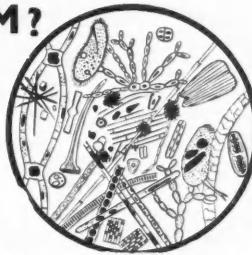
SOCKS • UNDERWEAR • KNITWEAR • SHIRTS • TIES • GLOVES

the
Proof of
the Biscuit
is in the
Eating!

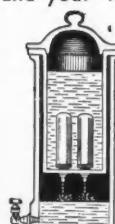
WESTON

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WATER COME FROM?**

Direct from a stream or a mill? Then just look at this illustration and see how your drinking water looks when seen through a microscope. Eliminate disease and guard your own and your family's health by filtering your drinking water. It's cheap and simple, too. All you have to do is to install a



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